MAY 1960

Commentary

ARTHUR SETTEL

SEVEN NAZIS WERE HANGED

DAVID MARQUAND

ENGLAND, THE BOMB, THE MARCHERS

Lionel Abel: **Art While Being Ruled**

David Bergelson: **Story's End**

Myron Kolatch: **The Yeshiva & the Medical School**

Roderick MacFarquhar: **China & Russia: The First Decade**

Mark Neuweld: **The Latest Soviet Census & the Jews**

CONTROVERSY

Kazin & His Critics: **On Puerto Rico**

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Harris Dienstfrey — Nathan Glazer

Lewis A. Coser — Israel Knox

Two Views of Leslie Fiedler: Paul Levine / Benjamin DeMott

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE **60c**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN A MAN "OWN" A JOB HE HASN'T CREATED?

Once upon a time there were two men, Adam and Zeb.

Adam risked all his savings to set himself up as an independent neighborhood merchant.

Zeb took a factory job which required no risk from him.

Neighborhood competition finally caused Adam to go broke and give up his store. He was out of work and out of savings.

Circumstances eventually made Zeb's job unnecessary. He was out of work, but he had his savings. And his severance pay. And his unemployment compensation.

Nobody felt sorry for Adam. The neighborhood shoppers felt justified in patronizing the most efficient merchant. It was Adam's own responsibility if he couldn't keep up. Let him retrain himself and find another job.

Many people felt sorry for Zeb. They said the factory should let Zeb stand beside the new equipment and be paid even though he was not needed. By assumption, he owned the job which he had not created.

America was built by the Adams. Is it going to the Zebs?

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

The constant search for better and better steels is one of the basic ways Republic Steel is trying to reduce costs and combat inflation.

Materials showing exceptional promise in this respect are consumable electrode vacuum-melted steels. These are now being produced by Republic in substantial quantities for the missile programs.

These vacuum-melted steels are proving to be stronger, more ductile, and of more uniform properties than those produced by more conventional methods.

Republic has the largest capacity for production of these steels in the industry, and continues a broad research program into their properties and potential military and civilian applications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

A STATEMENT OF AIMS

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, *the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture.*

The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY'S *contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of* COMMENTARY *by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.*

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
HERBERT B. EHRMANN *President*

THE COMMENTARY PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
DAVID SHER *Chairman*
CHARLES D. BREITEL ALBERT FURTH MAURICE GLINERT
SYDNEY M. KAYE EDWARD KUHN, JR. LEWIS J. LAVENTHOL
JONATHAN MARSHALL PEARSON E. NEAMAN HARRY STEINER
ALAN M. STROOCK JACK D. TARCHER BEN TOUSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KNOWN BY
THE COMPANY
IT KEEPS

SHEVUOTH SEASON

AND ALL THE TIME

The most cherished whisky

More people buy and enjoy the superior quality of Seagram's V.O. than any other imported whisky.

SEAGRAM'S IMPORTED
VERY IMPORTANT IMPORT
CANADIAN WHISKY

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD • 86.6 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

MAY 1960
VOLUME 29
NUMBER 5

The Issue (a) N.P.

Seven Nazis Were Hanged: The Diary of a Witness 369 ARTHUR SETTEL

England, the Bomb, the Marchers 380 DAVID MARQUAND

The Yeshiva and the Medical School 387 MYRON KOLATCH

China and Russia: The First Decade 399 RODERICK MACFARQUHAR

Art While Being Ruled 405 LIONEL ABEL

Story's End 413 DAVID BERGELSON

A Commentary Report The Soviet Census & the Jews 426 MARK NEUWELD

Controversy On Puerto Rico 430 ALFRED KAZIN *et al.*

Letters from Readers 435

Books in Review

Love and Death in the American Novel, by Leslie Fiedler 439 PAUL LEVINE; BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Die Filosofie fun Yidntum: The Philosophy of Judaism, by Zvi Cahn 447 ISRAEL KNOX

Max Weber, an Intellectual Portrait, by Reinhard Bendix 451 LEWIS A. COSER

Pilgrims in the Zoo, by Bruce Brooks; Cain's Book, by Alexander Trocchi 452 HARRIS DIENSTFREY

Slavery: A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life, by Stanley M. Elkins 454 NATHAN GLAZER

Editor: NORMAN PODHORETZ

Managing Editor
SHERRY ABEL

Assistant Editors
HARRIS DIENSTFREY
HOWARD FERTIG

Contributing Editors
MILTON HIMMELFARB
GEORGE LICHTHEIM

Editorial Secretary
BRENDA BROWN

General Manager: FRANCES GREEN

Advertising
DOROTHY PUTNEY

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee ● Single copy 60¢; $7 a year; 2 years $12; 3 years $17 ● No extra Canadian or foreign postage charge ● Editorial & Business offices: 165 East 56th Street, New York 22 ● Printed at 10 McGovern Avenue, Lancaster, Pa. by Business Press, Inc. ● Second class postage paid at Lancaster ●

Copyright 1960 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions ●

Indexed in Readers' Guide & Public Affairs Information Service ● **Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ISSUE: MAY 1960

Reading Arthur Settel's "Seven Nazis Were Hanged" was for me an experience similar to the one I had in watching *I Want to Live,* the movie about the execution of Barbara Graham. Any person of normal sensitivity and imagination, I think, is bound to be repelled and outraged by a detailed description such as we get from Mr. Settel or *I Want to Live* of how executions are performed. Whatever one's position on the question of capital punishment may be, it takes a forcible shutting-off of ordinary human sympathy to resist the feeling that an execution is a cold-blooded murder and all the more hideous for being dressed in the solemn trappings of judicial or military ritual. There is, of course, a vast difference between hanging a man like Oswald Pohl (who wiped out the Warsaw Ghetto) and sending a woman like Barbara Graham (who at worst was an accomplice in a murder case) to the gas chamber. Yet the terrible thing—and this comes through strongly in Mr. Settel's memoir—is that Oswald Pohl and the others who were hanged at Landsberg on June 7, 1951, looked and acted like men, ordinary run-of-the-mill men. If life were easy, they would have walked to the gallows with their crimes etched on their faces and their bodies disfigured into monstrous shapes, so that they could be robbed of the power to exert a claim on our sympathies. But there was no way of telling by simple appearance what these men were and did, and the reader today—like Mr. Settel on that night—must constantly remind himself that Paul Blobel, whose "face was that of a storekeeper or a teacher," had led an SS unit which was involved in sixteen instances of mass murder, including the slaughter of 30,000 Jews in Kiev alone; that Georg Schallermair had beaten prisoners to death with his own hands at Dachau; that Otto Ohlendorf had been responsible for the massacre of 60,000 Jews and Gypsies.

Why is this reminder necessary? Would it not be nobler to surrender to our spontaneous outrage and repulsion at the executions, to honor our impulses of charity and compassion above our wish to see vengeance done—especially now that so many years have passed and the desire for vengeance that would have been flaming and powerful in 1945 has lost its original sharpness and purity? This is not a question that can be answered lightly or dogmatically; in trying to answer it, we are carried straight to the limits of our moral capacity. My own view is that to a Jew the possibility that anything short of death should have been meted out to these men ought to be no less (and perhaps no more) outrageous than the spectacle of the hangings themselves. I believe that any Jew who so far permits himself to forget what the Nazis were and did as to condemn the executions altogether is committing a kind of violence against his own humanity that may be more deeply barbaric than the events described by Mr. Settel—barbaric in the way that the young father in Philadelphia was last year when he publicly trotted out all the clichés of liberal enlightenment to plead for "understanding" of the boy who had assaulted and murdered his four-year-old daughter the day before. The Nazis dehumanized themselves in carrying out their mass slaughters; and any Jew who indulges the inclination to forgive and forget is countering that dehumanization with a species of his own—a species not at all comparable in kind or degree or quality, but one that can be called dehumanization nevertheless.

[*continued on p. 459*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven Nazis Were Hanged

The Diary of a Witness

ARTHUR SETTEL

On August 8, 1945, in London, the governments of the USA, France, Britain, and the USSR resolved to punish "those German officers and men and members of the Nazi party who have been responsible for or have taken a consenting part in atrocities and crimes. . . ." in accordance with the laws of the liberated countries and of the "free governments that will be created therein." After consultation, there was established an International Military Tribunal for the trial of war criminals whose crimes had no particular geographical location. Nineteen nations expressed their adherence to this agreement, and the trials were conducted by quadripartite tribunals at Nuremberg in 1946 and 1947.

To give effect to the London Protocol, the four powers occupying Germany adopted a charter on December 20, 1945, establishing a uniform legal basis in Germany for the prosecution of war criminals *other than those dealt with by the International Military Tribunal.* The charter defined as crimes the following acts:

(1) Crimes against peace: participation in a common plan or conspiracy for the accomplishment of invasions, aggressive wars, etc.;

(2) War crimes: atrocities committed against persons or property constituting violations of the customs of war; murder, ill treatment, deportation to slave labor camps, plunder of public or private property, killing of hostages, wanton destruction of towns, devastation "not justified by military necessity," etc.;

(3) Crimes against humanity: extermination, enslavement, rape, persecution on political, racial, or religious grounds whether or not such persecution violated the laws of the country in which it was perpetrated; membership in organizations declared criminal by the International Military Tribunal (that a man had acted "pursuant to the order of his government or of a superior does not free him from responsibility for a crime, but may be considered in mitigation").

The United States Military Government in Germany, on October 18, 1946, enacted an ordinance under which military tribunals were established in the American

ARTHUR SETTEL, a journalist and the author of several books on Germany, was the director of public relations in that country for the U. S. High Commissioner from 1949 to 1952. As a public relations expert, he has been a consultant for various government departments on international trade fair development, and is at present a consultant on NATO to Senator Jacob Javits.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zone of Occupation, with the purpose of trying and punishing criminals within that zone who had escaped prosecution at Nuremberg. Fourteen of the thirty-two men who served as judges in these tribunals had sat in the highest courts of their home states, eleven had sat in state appellate or trial courts, and the others included a law school dean and several eminent bar association members.

The first of a series of indictments was filed on October 25, 1946, and the trial opened on December 9 of that year. Judgment was finally rendered more than two years later, on April 14, 1949 (in *United States vs. Weizaecker et al.*), condemning a total of twenty-six men to death, fifteen under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner and eleven under the jurisdiction of the army.

ACCORDING to the ordinance of October 18, 1946, these judgments were final and not subject to review. However, the U. S. Military Governor (General Lucius Clay), and his successor (High Commissioner John J. McCloy) felt that the right of appeal should not be denied the convicted men. The High Commissioner therefore undertook a review of the sentences with the help of an Advisory Board on Clemency which began work in Washington early in 1950, and continued in Munich in July 1950.

This Board, consisting of New York State Supreme Court Justice David Peck, Commissioner Frederick A. Moran (the chairman of the New York Board of Parole), and Brigadier General Conrad E. Snow, was not empowered to review the decisions of the Military Tribunals on questions of law or fact, but *to consider disparities among the sentences for comparable crimes* and other matters which tended to show that the sentences imposed were "excessive." The Board was directed to consider anything that might warrant "mitigation of sentences."

Interest in the condemned men in Landsberg prison—the so-called Landsberg men—began to mount in Germany around mid-December of 1950 when it became known that High Commissioner McCloy and his colleague, General Handy, had the cases under study. Mr. McCloy's mail was marked by an increasingly large number of appeals for clemency, both signed and anonymous, and soon these appeals assumed the proportions of an avalanche. There were pleas from churchmen and politicians, university men and students, former soldiers, disinherited royalty. They came from every state in West Germany, and even from the United States. There were threats, too, against McCloy's life. Apart from all this, illustrated weeklies went in for special feature stories denouncing the "cruelty" of the American authorities in keeping the condemned men waiting so long for a final verdict. Articles describing the fine personal qualities of the war criminals were published by their wives, and a few mass-circulation magazines took to printing similar pieces by the families or former associates of top-rung Nazi leaders who had been executed long before. Pamphlets and leaflets attacking American "injustice" were circulated by unknown and unidentified organizations. Oswald Pohl, who received more support than any of his fellow prisoners, although his crimes (i.e., the destruction of the Warsaw ghetto) were among the worst, had great success with a booklet called *The Way to God* in which he explained his reason for converting to the Catholic faith. Another popular leaflet was a catalogue of the "good deeds" of Otto Ohlendorf who, by his own uncontroverted testimony, was responsible for slaughtering 60,000 Jews and Gypsies.

Little or nothing was said in print or on the air about the crimes committed by these men. The Bundestag adopted a unanimous resolution condemning the execution of any of the prisoners.

This upsurge of public feeling reached a climax on January 9, when High Commissioner McCloy agreed to receive a six-man Bundestag delegation representing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leading political parties, to ask for amnesty for the war criminals. The meeting took place in McCloy's offices in a Frankfort building that had once been the headquarters of the I. G. Farben empire.

It was clear from the moment Dr. Herman Ehlers (Bundestag president) delivered his opening address, that the delegates had made elaborate preparations for the meeting. Ehlers declared that while they held no brief for many individual war criminals, yet at a time when West Germany was being called upon to make a military contribution to Western defense, they felt bound to call for modification of the death sentence on the ground of political and psychological factors. The High Commissioner listened intently, eyes fixed on his scratch pad. His liaison man translated sentence by sentence.

Ehlers called on the next speaker, Dr. Walter Strauss, of the Ministry of Justice. Strauss argued that it was the tradition in West Germany to carry out a death sentence within four weeks after such sentence was imposed. The tradition dated back to the 19th century. He said that the Landsberg men had been imprisoned between two and three years ago, and were still waiting for the final verdict. It was, he argued, almost inhuman to keep men, regardless of the crimes they might have committed, in a state of terrible uncertainty as to whether they were going to live or die. Moreover, West Germany had abolished the death penalty in the new constitution, and for the U. S. authorities to carry out capital punishment would show lack of respect for this constitution, "with far-reaching consequences for American-German relations."

Heinrich Hoefler, a founder of the Christian Democratic party, based his appeal on humanitarian grounds. The German people did not wish to see any more blood spilled in Germany, especially in the name of a false idea of justice. They felt strongly that the so-called war crimes allegedly committed by the Landsberg prisoners could be atoned for by life sentences in cases where warranted, and did not call for draconic measures. Carlo Schmid, vice-president of the Bundestag, one of the principal Socialist party leaders, and a highly regarded anti-Nazi and enemy of anti-Semitism, then added that "We wish to create a new moral climate in Germany." He said that if the U.S. and the other occupying powers in West Germany granted clemency, the Soviet Military Administration in Eastern Germany would in all probability follow suit. And, he went on, American-German relations would improve greatly if the Landsberg death sentences were commuted. Schmid also made the argument that in view of West Germany's abolishing of capital punishment, it would be ill advised for the U. S., although the occupying power, to act in violation of German law.

After a talk by Hans Joachim Von Merkatz, a functionary of an influential right-wing political group, Ehlers introduced Bundestag Deputy Jakob Altmeier, a Socialist party member. Altmeier's opening words came as a shock to the High Commissioner who, for the first time in the meeting, kept his eyes glued to the speaker. "I am a Jew," said Altmeier in English. "I have suffered grievously at the hands of the Nazis. I have lost my parents, my relatives and friends in the concentration camps. I was there myself, Excellency.

"It is three times as difficult for me as it is for my colleagues," he continued, "to plead with you for commutation of the death sentences. But I should like to emphasize that if you execute these men, their lives will be wasted! It would be far better to keep them in prison as an example to future generations.

"An act of grace from you, Mr. McCloy, would be a great gesture of reconciliation between the American and the German people, and it will never be forgotten."

The High Commissioner thanked the delegation for traveling from Bonn to Frankfort to present their ideas. He said that reviewing the sentences of the Lands-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

berg prisoners was the most difficult task he had been charged with since coming to Germany. He had had no previous experience as a governor in such problems, although he was, as a lawyer, trained in legal procedures. In Germany he was serving his country not only as supreme representative of the United States government, but as the exponent of certain international agreements to which the U. S. government was a signatory. The Military Tribunals, Mr. McCloy went on, had been set up by men of peace, good will, and great character. The crimes for which punishment was being meted out were the worst known in history, and they had to be atoned for in order to prevent their recurrence. He had studied the cases not with any political considerations in mind but purely in judicial terms. His only criterion was that justice must be done.

Mr. McCloy then took up the specific arguments which had been advanced by the delegation. Referring first to the charge that the delay in carrying out the death sentences was "inhuman," he said that if they *had* been carried out within four weeks after the final verdict, many men might have been unjustly executed: a good number of war criminals had already been released, after reviews of their sentences and their trials. The four-week tradition invoked by Dr. Strauss obviously applied to *ordinary criminal cases,* and the cases at Landsberg were not ordinary criminal cases: they had been heard in courts designed to meet "an extraordinary spasm of criminality." Moreover, the Landsberg murderers had committed their crimes on non-German soil against non-German victims; that the prison happened to be situated in Germany was only a geographical accident. It was a fine point of law, Mr. McCloy insisted, to claim that traditional German legal methods should be applied to cases such as these.

Mr. McCloy emphasized that the cause for delay was a humane one: "There are probably no prisoners anywhere in the world whose cases have received the same painstaking attention given to the Landsberg cases. I refuse to accept the suggestion made by the delegation that humanity breeds inhumanity. In some of these cases, I found that the defendants could establish their resistance to superior orders, which resulted in no instance of the individuals being punished by their Nazi masters. This type of evidence I have accepted in mitigation of the original sentence."

The High Commissioner said that he had been struck by the extent of the misinformation in the letters and petitions which were being sent to him. Ninety-nine out of one hundred of these communications showed "as much understanding of the cases as your dog, Professor Schmid."

It would be bad for the soul of the German people, McCloy went on, to put these things under the carpet. Bishops, lawyers, the man on the street, all felt the same impulse—to hide things under the carpet. The Germans knew what had happened to them—but they did not know, they did not want to know what had happened to other people.

MR. MCCLOY invited the delegation to advise him on some of the difficult cases he had to review. He cited examples from the Medical Case in which the defendants were charged with and convicted of performing medical experiments on concentration camp inmates—high altitude tests, freezing tests, tests with typhus and malaria germs, artificially induced infections, salt water tests, etc.

He also cited examples from other cases, including the High Command Case in which military commanders carried out the so-called "Fuehrer Order" calling for the murder of "undesirable elements such as Jews and Gypsies—women, men, and children alike who were offensive to the Germans." And he further noted that a great number of terrible and terrifying crimes had been committed in the name of maintaining the "ethnic purity" of the German people.

"I cannot understand," he continued,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"how human beings can commit such crimes. There was one case in which the criminal admitted to having killed 60,000. There was another who admitted responsibility for the massacre of 30,000 Jews (in Kiev). In this particular instance, the defendant expressed regret that there weren't more to be killed! There was one ordained minister who renounced the cloth to become a Sonderkommando leader. After he had started his blood bath, he was asked whether he would say something for the survivors. The defendant answered: 'You can't cast pearls before swine.'"

High Commissioner McCloy indicated that in certain cases at Landsberg, new evidence had made it possible to reduce the death sentence to time served. He then concluded: "If I can find one honest man in Sodom, I'll save the city!"

On the 31st of January, the High Commissioner's final decisions were promulgated and published. The sentences were reduced in a number of cases where there appeared a basis for clemency.

Ten of the fifteen death cases under McCloy's jurisdiction were commuted, five confirmed; two of the eleven death cases under General Handy's jurisdiction were confirmed, nine commuted. A total of seven men, then, were to be executed at Landsberg. Their names were Paul Blobel, Werner Braune, Erich Naumann, Otto Ohlendorf, Oswald Pohl, Georg Schallermair, and Hans Schmidt.

Blobel, Braune, Naumann, and Ohlendorf had all been leaders of the Extermination Squads (*Einsatzgruppen*), which were the chief instruments devised by the Nazis for wiping out the Jews of Europe.

Pohl had been the head of an organization, the WVHA (*Wirtschafts-und Verwaltungshauptamt*), Economic and Administrative Department of the Nazi government, which, as an adjunct of the SS, had administered the concentration camps. Millions were killed in these camps, and hundreds of thousands died from malnutrition, overwork, and other excesses.

Schallermair had been directly in charge of prisoners in a sub-camp of Dachau named Muehldorf where large numbers of beatings were personally administered by him. He visited the morgue daily with an inmate dentist to extract gold teeth from the mouths of the corpses. Of three hundred people brought to Muehldorf in the fall of 1944, only 72 survived.

Schmidt had been in charge of Buchenwald for three years. During this period, 5,000 prisoners died each month as a result of cruelties inflicted upon them by the SS. Schmidt had participated actively in these atrocities and it had been necessary to restrain him because he frequently assumed greater authority than he actually possessed.

The public reaction to McCloy's announcement was exactly as anticipated. In the United States, there was sharp criticism of the decisions as having been too "lenient," while in Germany, McCloy was attacked for having been too severe. Attorneys for the defense of the condemned men (including counsel engaged in Washington, D.C., and paid for by the federal government) made plans to appeal to the Supreme Court.

On February 1, a special messenger delivered an urgent dispatch from the Federal Minister of Justice, Thomas Dehler, in Bonn. The letter cited alleged mistakes in the biographical section of the document, "Landsberg, A Documentary Report," which had been published in connection with the final announcement of McCloy's decisions. Dehler indicated that an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court would be based on these alleged mistakes. He objected to the sentence: "The destruction of the Warsaw ghetto, including the deportation or extermination of more than 56,000 Jews, was personally committed by him [Oswald Pohl]." According to Dehler, Pohl *destroyed the ghetto but not its inhabitants*. Second mistake: "He personally selected prisoners for medical experiments. . . ." According to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dehler, Pohl did not select them *personally;* he had delegated this authority to someone else. Third mistake: "Pohl was a man of many titles . . . as adjutant general and quartermaster general," etc. According to Dehler, someone else was adjutant general.

Of course, the biographical matter issued in connection with the final announcements was not part of the official documentation and was intended simply to help people remember Pohl's crimes. However, Dehler's letter contributed to delaying the executions *four* more months, until the 7th of June, 1951. There had been three last-minute reprieves prior to June 7—the most recent on May 24, ninety minutes before the actual hangings were due to take place. Three times the gallows had been prepared, three times the official army executioner was instructed to have his gear ready, three times the wives of the condemned men visited their husbands for the "last time." Three times the prisoners ate their "last meal."

As CHIEF of the Public Relations Division for the High Commissioner's Office, I was sent to Landsberg to handle the two hundred or so newspaper men covering the story of the hanging. It was purely accidental that I, an American, and a Jew, became the official witness for the U.S. High Commissioner to the execution of the condemned men. With Alexander Bickel of the Office of the General Counsel, I motored to Landsberg-on-the-Lech, in Bavaria, on Tuesday the 6th, in an army staff car with a GI driver, arriving at 7 P.M. An attorney from McCloy's office was detailed to remain in the Frankfort headquarters of the High Commissioner, where he was in radio-telephone communication with the General Counsel's office in the State Department in Washington. His job was to wait for a possible last-minute reprieve by the Supreme Court. The army set up a parallel line of communication with the Pentagon, via General Handy's Heidelberg headquarters. Radio cars were in the prison compound in anticipation of a possible breakdown of telephone communications. The following diary records events of that night and of the following morning, Wednesday, June 7, on a 24-hour clock (7 P.M. is equivalent to "1900 hours," etc.).

June 6, 1951

1900: Arrive with Bickel in army staff car. There are no newspapermen around prison grounds. GI alert units are much in evidence, tommy guns at the ready. Seven towers around the prison compound are manned by Polish guards, all heavily armed.

1905: We are admitted to the admissions office. A tall, gray-faced woman is signing out. She has red-rimmed eyes, is dressed in plain calico dress, carries nothing, not even a pocketbook. A handsome Negro captain, Artillery, a huge bunch of keys dangling from his belt, tells me in answer to a question that she is Mrs. Oswald Pohl. "She's a nuisance," he says. "Has been making a lot of trouble for us."

1910: We enter office of prison commandant, Colonel Walter Graham. We shake hands with him and members of his staff. He suggests that we settle down in an adjoining office for the long wait. The executions are scheduled to start at three minutes past midnight.

1915: I look through Graham's window at the prison compound. The apple trees are in full blossom. It is quiet and orderly; beautifully manicured grounds with only a knoll of American soldiers near the big gates to destroy the illusion of a rest camp.

In this same prison Adolf Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf,* and was released for political reasons.

I think of the evil conspiracies which have been hatched within these high walls. I watch a woman pushing a baby carriage across the street and well outside the range of the prison gates.

1920: Bickel reports to Fred Hulse, in McCloy's office in Frankfort. He says: "Do you know me by any other name?" (code word was used for security reasons). Then: "Any news?" Hulse tells him that counsel for the criminals in Washington has brought the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case before the Supreme Court, in session at this moment—3 P.M. Washington time—asking for another stay of execution. If the Justices agree, there will be another two month delay, since the Court goes into summer recess.

1930: Graham tells us there will be no executions unless specific instructions come from both the State Department and the War Department.

Graham says the men have eaten their last supper. It consisted of fried chicken, potatoes, green peas, and carrots. For dessert they had fresh cherries. Wives have been asked to say their final goodbyes—for the fourth time.

1935: JAG* lieutenant colonels from Heidelberg, two of them, have arrived to serve as army witnesses. One remarks that it seems "late in the day" politically to be hanging Germans even if they are war criminals.

Bickel says the criminals should have been hanged earlier. He believes that the executions will do no harm politically and will prove that we meant to carry out our war aims, regardless of the fact that we now want the Germans to oppose Communism.

Our small talk is mostly about McCloy and his amazing courage.

Graham says his "fan mail" from Nazi sympathizers has slowed down. He thinks the reason is that people no longer believe the USA will carry out the executions.

Graham shows me a letter from one of the former prison chaplains, a German who refuses to accept an invitation to administer last rites to prisoners. The letter used the terminology that has become so familiar—"inhuman to keep men waiting so long to die," etc. We tell one another the prisoners could easily have spared themselves this "inhuman" waiting, simply by refraining from submitting petitions.

Graham says prisoners have been gaining weight on the excellent prison fare. Caloric content per man per day is the same as that of the GI, 3,600 calories.

Graham says the "last suppers" were cooked at Augsberg, some miles away from Landsberg Prison. This was done to avoid any possibility of poison or suicides. The suppers were served by GI's. Even the drinking water was hauled in from Augsberg.

Graham gets his retirement discharge next week. He doesn't want it delayed or snafued by a suicide, which would mean writing lengthy reports and involve him in interminable red tape. He is obsessed with fear of a suicide attempt.

1945: Dinner in the prison mess. Excellent. The waiter is a former Malmédy murderer, one of Pfeiffer's flunkeys. I look at his rather gentle face and wonder.

2045: Hulse calls Bickel. There are new instructions now—a reversal of the previous arrangement. We are to *proceed* with executions unless instructions are received to the contrary.

Someone is looking for Warrant Officer Britt, the official executioner. An officer reports that he's taking a bath. A curious time to take a bath.

Graham is amused. He says a sergeant reported finding cherry pits in one of the death cells. He didn't know what they were for a moment, suspected a suicide attempt.

2100: Graham is excited over report from Munich newspaper to the effect that there has been another stay of execution. One of the lieutenant colonels from Heidelberg offers odds of 6 to 5 that it won't happen tonight.

2105: A prison officer comes into Graham's office to announce that the war criminals' appeal to an American judge in Frankfort Military Courts has been rejected. JAG officers speculate on how any judge in Frankfort could have granted an appeal, with full knowledge of the facts.

2110: Graham shows me a letter which had been intercepted and copied before delivery to its addressee—Oswald Pohl. Writer was one Frederick Wiehl, Pohl's counsel in Germany:

> "Dear Oswald,
>
> "There will be no execution on Tuesday. . . . No matter what happens to our application on Monday in the District Court in Washington for a permanent injunction prohibiting the executions, there will be no executions. . . ."

* Judge Advocate General

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2120: Graham receives message from Heidelberg. The Supreme Court has rejected final appeal, Justice Robert Jackson (who served as chief prosecutor in the Nuremberg trials) abstaining after disqualifying himself.

It now appears that the hanging will take place after all, unless defense counsel can find some new loophole. Everyone present agrees that the only hope is John J. McCloy.

Graham shows me a great heap of letters and telegrams from German sympathizers offering comfort to the criminals. Most of them are biblical quotations, others enclose pressed flowers. There is a batch from German nationals offering to die in place of the condemned. One telegram to Graham pleads for the privilege of hanging in place of Pohl. Graham says: "I ought to accept this offer; that guy's been begging to be executed."

There are 513 prisoners in Landsberg as of 2120 hours on June 6. A total of 265 have been hanged since the end of the war.

2140: Graham receives confirmation from Heidelberg: proceed with executions.

2147: Bickel receives confirmation from Frankfort: proceed with executions.

2151: There is a lot of bustle in Graham's office now, as uniformed officers and men come and go. Preparations are being completed. I have a sinking feeling as I realize that in all probability seven men will be hanged in a little while, and that I am to witness the spectacle. Colonel Graham, whose office is the nerve center, makes pointed reference to the possibility of suicide. "Those bastards," he mutters, "those unmitigated bastards — if they try anything. . . ."

The lieutenant colonel from the Judge Advocate General's Office in Heidelberg, has reversed himself and is now offering 6 to 5 that there will be *no* stay of execution.

2200: CIC* agents come in from the town of Landsberg-on-the-Lech. They report to the commandant, Colonel Graham. The town is tense with excitement but no real trouble is expected. Some 20 newspapermen have converged on the Hotel Goggol, the town's leading hotel, where they are waiting for news and filing "background" and "human interest" stories.

No newsmen will be admitted to the executions, by unanimous decision of the High Commissioner's staff and General Handy's advisers. Although preparations have been a strictly guarded secret, the news that the seven will be hanged has leaked out—principally via the wives of the condemned, their defense counsel, and the prison grapevine.

The CIC agents tell us that the newspaper reporters, some of them Germans, have been interviewing the wives of the seven. The latter have invented stories about how their husbands are being mistreated. In fact, Landsberg is one of the best operated prisons in Europe, and its inmates receive civilized treatment.

2205: A German newspaper calls from Ulm to advise Graham there has been a stay of execution. He refuses to comment. Another newspaper calls to inquire whether it is true that the executions will go forward. Graham is noncommital.

2210: We wait, smoking and looking uneasily at the clock.

2215: Graham exhibits his petitions and telegrams again. Someone asks about the 650,000 signatures appended to a petition for clemency sent to President Truman from Germany. Graham remarks acidly that the postage on this petition alone must have cost about 120 Deutsche Mark, or $30. Someone suggests that the prisoners must be well heeled to have been able to lay out the money it cost to circulate the petition.

2226: Graham reports that the prisoners have had their teeth examined once more, and that false teeth have been removed. He is determined to prevent suicide.

2229: A German Evangelical chaplain named Ermann, employed for two years by the prison, was intercepted smuggling mail out for the prisoners, and was sacked. Graham shakes his head. "Those damned Germans. And the way we treat *them.*"

2235: Graham is discussing the business of last rites. He says this takes considerable time. Each chaplain is allowed all the time he needs in the cell with the condemned

* Counter-Intelligence Corps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man before he is led to the gallows. "You can't hurry them, you know," says the Colonel philosophically.

2240: Bickel has telephoned Hulse in Frankfort confirming receipt of cable from Washington. One hour and some 25 minutes are left now. Army still awaiting receipt of confirming cable. JAG officer observes that they can't do a thing until Graham has "a piece of paper" from the Department of the Army in the Pentagon. Doubts begin to stir in us again. Graham mutters something to the effect that they've "got to get started" on the *final* arrangements NOW if they are to meet their schedule. I wonder what other arrangements are necessary at this point.

2242: Big clock is ticking. I have a queasy feeling in my stomach. I visit the latrine. I stare out into the lovely June night, watch the big searchlights swinging around the heavily guarded compound. I return to Graham's office. The medical officer has arrived, Lieutenant Colonel Huff. He is a small, slight man with soft, kindly eyes. I ask him if he will pronounce the men dead. He nods. Have you ever done this before? I ask. No, he says rather unhappily.

The army executioner, Mr. Britt, suddenly puts in an appearance, trim and neat in his tight-fitting uniform. How are you feeling? I ask. Fine, he says. His hand is moist, clammy. He shakes hands also with Bickel when I introduce them. Bickel studies Britt's face. For some reason, Warrant Officer Britt seems just right for his job. Though short, he is athletic, wiry and powerful. I wonder how he can sleep with himself. He has executed scores of criminals and has been flown from Texas to perform his job again.

2244: Graham hangs up the telephone. He says the big brass has conferred, McCloy has talked with General Handy. No one knows what they said, but they've talked. That's enough.

Army officers and GI's, with enormous keys on their belts, are moving in and out of the office. They are moving faster than before, and the keys make a not inappropriate noise.

2246: The sergeant has announced coffee and doughnuts. They are brought in on huge trays by a young prisoner whose face could be that of a friendly, smiling Kansas farmer. I learn that he was sent up for shooting captured paratroopers.

2249: Graham answers the telephone. He makes notes on a piece of paper. He says, yes, yes, yes, right, OK, O'Neill, thanks, OK. He hangs up. He says: "That's it, boys. The cable has come from Washington."

I think: Hadn't I better stay in Graham's office rather than witness this thing? Another voice in my head says, No, you must see it through. The crimes they committed were crimes against *you*.

Bickel says he will not be a witness. He will take phone calls in Graham's office. This leaves me the only witness for the State Department. There's no backing out now.

2250: Warrant Officer Britt is discussing hangings with the medical officer. Describes how the neck is broken in the fall, how the stomach bulges . . . how it requires 15 to 19 minutes in some cases for final consummation. He says he once had a "case" with a bad heart—it took that one only ten minutes!

2255: Borom, the lieutenant colonel from Heidelberg, is lighting his pipe. He tells me that he always had a hard time finding matches during the invasion of Nazi-controlled France. His remarks have a refreshing banality. I look at him with astonishment. He seems calm and placid as a lake.

2300: Bickel calls Frankfort. He says, we're all set; we'll call you right after the first one is pronounced dead, and after the last.

2330: The time now passes swiftly. In an office across the corridor from Colonel Graham's a few GI's are listening to a short-wave broadcast of a big league baseball game in New York.

2335: Less than half an hour to go.

There is a telephone call. It is a report from Denmark, of all places, to the effect that the men have already been executed. Graham refuses to comment.

There is a report from Bonn that the Ministry of Justice is working frantically for a last minute reprieve. Presumably they are working on McCloy.

2346: Graham addresses us briefly. He says we must realize the seriousness of the occasion. It will be without levity, emotion, or demonstrations of any kind. We are to stand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at attention during the hangings. We may be seated and smoke after each "drop." The queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach comes back.

We follow Graham to the Death House.

2350: I look into the telephone shack to see exactly where I have to call Bickel after the first drop. There is a staff sergeant, stout and unsmiling, unarmed, standing at the door. His face is yellow in the lamplight. I tell him I will be down to make a call after the first drop. I remember that I must dial "22," which is Bickel's extension in Graham's office. Will I be able to perform this simple act? I have photographs of the seven men in my hands. I am to identify them before certifying.

2353: I return to the Death House, climb up the last stairway, see the gallows for the first time. Now I don't think I can stick it out. I seat myself next to Lieutenant Colonel Borom. He is talking in his friendly Alabama drawl, but I scarcely know what he is saying. His pipe throws off a delicious fragrance.

I look around. I see Warrant Officer Britt efficiently rubbing the noose with wax, and his assistant, a sergeant, is busying himself with the black hoods which have been stored in an ordinary army foot locker. I feel as though I am moving in a weird dream as I watch these macabre figures around me, figures in the khaki of the U.S. Army uniform. They seem collected and self-controlled, and I make an effort to get a grip on myself.

2354: Nine minutes left. I wonder what the architect Blobel is thinking down in his cell as he waits to be led out. It is cold up here in the loft of the prison workshop which has now been temporarily outfitted for this unusual purpose. I notice on the other side of the loft a neatly piled stack of white pine coffins which presumably were made for the war criminals whose sentences have been commuted. I wonder what they will be using these for now.

2355: Quite a few people are now in the loft. Holmes, the commandant of Landsberg Military sub-Post, is seated within speaking distance of me and next to the town's civilian (German) Registrar of Vital Statistics. Holmes confides that the Registrar had refused to attend the executions for political reasons, that he had been ordered to attend, that he was a die-hard Nazi. The Registrar sits very still, his legs crossed, staring at the gallows. He is dressed in a shabby suit and spring topcoat, his shoes have been worn through the soles, his hands are those of a farmer.

2356: Seven minutes more. Holmes, of the Military Post, asks me whether I know anything about the controversial hunting law which allows GI's to hunt in German reserves against the will of the owners. I am listening half-heartedly, reply in the negative. Holmes starts discussing the injustices of the law. He says there is to be a conference on the subject in the near future, urges me to attend.

I watch the preparations. Mr. Britt is testing the rope now; he lifts and then lowers himself on the closed trap.

2357: Hard wood benches line the sides of the loft. It is a small room; I am sitting within ten feet of the gallows. There is a fire extinguisher resting on a stone ledge at the end of the wall. There is an emergency lamp, and a field telephone within reach of Colonel Graham. A few extra folding chairs have been set up. Two cameramen, both GI non-coms, are fooling with their apparatus. The commandant, Colonel Graham, cigar between his teeth, is darting about, a sheaf of papers in one hand.

2359: One minute before midnight. Will there be another reprieve? It is still remotely possible. That sick feeling comes over me again. I shake it off with difficulty. The colonel takes the center of the floor. He repeats his caution against frivolity, although for the life of me I can't imagine how or why anyone would become frivolous. He adds one thought, that none of us likes this business but we've got to go through with it.

2400: Now we hear footsteps and the voice of a chaplain praying in sonorous German. The footsteps have a hollow sound on the wooden stairway leading up into the loft.

June 7, 1951

0001: Two soldiers wearing neatly pressed olive drab uniforms are first to arrive in the loft. They are followed by the chaplain, wearing a white tunic and reading from his prayer book. Behind him is Paul Blobel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose Sonderkommando SS unit was involved in sixteen instances of mass murder, including the killing of 33,000 Jews in the Kiev massacre alone. Then two GI guards, unarmed, follow.

Blobel is dressed for death. He wears black shirt, black trousers, leather belt and sandals. His wrists are tied behind him. He is clean shaven now and looks older than his 57 years. I study his photograph, compare it with the man. His face is that of a storekeeper or a teacher. I look for signs of the desperate hater, the ruthless killer, but I don't find any.

The routine, carefully prepared in advance, is followed to the letter.

Graham calls out: "Attention!" All in the room stand. Warrant Officer Britt then places the prisoner on the trap door. He straps prisoner's ankles and steps back. The official cameramen photograph the prisoner after one of the GI assistants places the nameplate across the condemned man's chest. The GI interpreter asks: "Have you any last words?" The prisoner replies: "*Jawohl!*"

0002: There is no wavering in voice or manner, never a sign of fear. Blobel speaks in a detached, remote voice. He says, whatever I have done, I did as a soldier who obeyed orders. I have committed no crime. I will be vindicated by God and history. God have mercy on those who murder me.

0003: The chaplain reads a prayer. He closes with a soft "amen." Britt throws the black hood over Blobel's head. There is a slight "fluff" in the air pocket. Britt adjusts the noose over the man's hooded head. The rope doesn't fit correctly. Britt removes it, places it back on the man's head for the second time, tightens it with the knot at the nape of the neck. Blobel's muffled voice is heard, but what he says is a mystery to those of us in the second circle.

0003½: Britt steps back, glances at Graham. Graham nods.

0004: Britt springs the trap. There is a slight crackle. The rope dangles slightly, then suddenly is very still.

0005: I recoil back into my seat. I light a cigarette. The others are relaxed now, smoking. The JAG lieutenant colonel seated next to me whispers, there but for the grace of God go I. His pipe is fragrant. We wait. My eyes are fixed on the rope. I am quite sick now, my hands are cold as ice. Britt is fooling with the second noose. He is amazingly efficient and cold-blooded. The sergeant aide is looking into the pit where architect Blobel is hanging. How silent it has become.

0007: Borom says he wishes there were a seven-man gallows. I agree. I am glad to talk. He talks about his law practice in Alabama, tells me how he once saved a man from the gallows. I keep my eyes away from that rope.

0014: The sergeant pulls up the body while from the floor below someone disentangles the rope. We hear a murmur, then the soft voice of the medical officer. The cameraman's flash goes off in a sudden stab of light. Then there is another sound, the sound of the cover being nailed onto the coffin.

0015: I make my way down the steps to call Bickel. I tell him Blobel has been pronounced dead at 0014½, June 7.

0236: Seven times I have watched, compared the face of the condemned man with his official prison photograph. Seven times I have listened as they swore, in their dying words, that they had merely carried out orders; that they had been fighting for their country; that the Americans were their enemies. First Blobel, then the jurist Braune; Naumann, the SS General; Ohlendorf, the economist and lawyer who murdered 90,000; Pohl and Schallermair and Schmidt—each in his turn. Seven times I secretly murmured *kaddish,* the prayer for the dead, not for the executed man but in memory of their victims. We left the death chamber after Schmidt, of Buchenwald infamy, had been pronounced dead and after I had signed the affidavits as the government's official witness.

I returned to Graham's office. Across the corridor, the GI service unit was still listening to the ball game being broadcast from Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. I took a cup of coffee and a couple of the doughnuts being handed out by the mess sergeant, and sat down to listen to the game.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID MARQUAND

England, the Bomb, the Marchers

"I WOULDN'T cross the road to vote for the Labor party, let alone the Conservatives," said a student friend of mine recently, "but I'd march from here to Timbuctoo for the sake of the CND." His words would probably be echoed in every university and training college in Britain. Why? What do the magic letters signify? Why can the CND command such enthusiasm?

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, to give its full title, was set up a little over two years ago, with Bertrand Russell as its president. It was the heir of a previous campaign to end nuclear tests, and its own aim was confined to nuclear disarmament: though many of its supporters were (and are) pacifists, pacifism as such was not part of its program. It summed up its policy in a manifesto as "Britain must . . . renounce unilaterally the use or production of nuclear weapons, and refuse to allow their use by others in her defense." The second clause was, in a way, even more crucial than the first: thanks to it, the CND has dug a deep gulf between itself and those who feel that even if Britain herself gives up the nuclear deterrent, she would still need to rely on the Americans. Among the more prominent members of the Campaign were the veteran socialist and pacifist publisher, Victor Gollancz; the novelist and publicist J. B. Priestley; and the historian A. J. P. Taylor. During the last two years the Campaign managed to enlist a galaxy of artistic talent. At one point the two most promising young playwrights in England—John Osborne and Arnold Wesker—were to be seen parading Whitehall with CND sandwich boards. More important, perhaps, it has won the support of the boss of the largest trade union this side of the Iron Curtain, Mr. Frank Cousins of the Transport and General Workers.

Its propaganda methods vary. It sends speakers all over the country in the traditional manner. Its leaders write letters to the press. It organizes mass lobbying expeditions to the House of Commons. But above all, it marches. Two years ago, over Easter weekend 1958, it organized a great demonstration pilgrimage from central London to the atomic research establishment at Aldermaston, in Berkshire. The following year there was a more successful march from Aldermaston to London. This year there has been a third Aldermaston—and before long Aldermaston will have for the English left (though in reverse, so to speak) the sort of significance that Mecca has for the devout Moslem.

For no one can dispute that the CND can command real devotion from its members, that it is probably the only organization in Britain which can inspire mass enthusiasm over anything to do with politics. During the last few years, the Labor party—for a number of reasons,

DAVID MARQUAND, who here makes his initial appearance in COMMENTARY, is a young English writer, a graduate of Oxford, now on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of which I shall analyze later—has sunk into a state of apathetic schizophrenia, in which the condition of its own split personality matters more to it than the fate of the world. The Conservatives, having won the last two elections chiefly by pretending that nothing was happening, are naturally determined not to let the political temperature rise now. In this flat and arid political landscape, the CND alone has life. Whatever one may think of its policies, one must admit that it—and it alone—can fill Trafalgar Square with twenty-five thousand people; that it can inspire sedate taxpayers to "invade" an RAF rocket site and court imprisonment for the sake of the cause; that it can send thousands of teen-agers to march in protest against The Bomb.

YET THE Campaign cannot be dismissed as a mob deluded by its leaders. The campaigners may or may not be misguided: they are certainly not being misguided by other people. The student whom I mentioned above was about as contemptuous of the leaders of the CND as of the leaders of the two political parties —and his contempt is echoed by most of the rank and file supporters of the Campaign. The CND is, of course, the natural home of the crank—especially the sort of crank for whom politics is a substitute for psychoanalysis. There they all are, the people George Orwell once attacked (and caricatured) as "fruit-juice drinkers, nudists, sandal-wearers, sex-maniacs, Quakers, 'Nature Cure' quacks, pacifists and feminists." Among the marchers to Aldermaston you can find much of the slightly faded political driftwood left behind by the storms of the last thirty years: former members of the ILP, former subscribers to the Left Book Club, former ardent supporters of the Spanish Republic, former opponents of the foreign policy of Ernest Bevin and of the rearmament of Western Germany. But at the same time, and this is what makes the CND what it is, you will find thousands of teen-agers and young people who have hitherto taken no part in any political action. The CND, in fact, is the revolt of the politically virgin.

Its members are in some ways like the school children of Hamelin—except that they have no Pied Piper. Theirs is an army without generals—or, rather, it is an army which gives its generals amused indulgence rather than respect. This is one of the reasons for taking it seriously. Critics of the CND are apt to belittle the campaigners on the grounds that their leaders are of poor quality. Messrs. Gollancz, Priestley and the rest, say the critics, are nothing but irresponsible windbags, ageing prima donnas of the Social Revolution—and for that reason, the critics imply, no one need take notice of the CND. But in fact, one of the best reasons for taking notice of the CND is that the CND takes so little notice of Messrs. Gollancz and Priestley. Many of the younger members would agree that their leaders are of poor quality: they march for the sake of the Cause, not for that of their leaders.

Why does the Cause appeal? Partly because the CND has filled an emotional vacuum. No society can be expected to remain forever immune from political passion. In the end, even utopia would get boring. Britain is no utopia—yet for the last ten years her politics have become increasingly dull and increasingly parochial. The decline of a great power, it seems, can take one of two forms. In France, it has led to obvious political neurosis and incurable instability. In Britain—apart from the brief nightmare of Suez—decline has led to a conspiracy of silence, a collective pretense that nothing has really happened after all. This sort of universal hypocrisy has great advantages: Britain is the first country in history which has managed to give up its Empire with less fuss than she acquired it. The British people have had no Massus or Soustelles; and in place of any cult of national grandeur they have turned to the stolid, unromantic figures of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. But common

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense has its disadvantages, too. As Britain has lost power, British politics have gradually lost meaning—for the British as well as for everyone else. Moreover, the great issues which convulsed the 30's have been solved, or simply evaporated. Thirty years ago, politics was conducted in banner headlines: innocence butchered; honor betrayed; evil victorious. Now it is conducted in polite whispers, in the drab, if useful, committee rooms of the Welfare State.

THE effect has been felt, above all, by the left. Twenty-five years ago, the political left was the natural magnet for protest of all kinds. The challenge of the Labor and Communist parties to the existing system, in foreign affairs as well as at home, was passionate, apparently idealistic, and above all beautifully uncomplicated. Now foreign affairs and home affairs are equally complicated, equally technical, and equally divorced from morality. Debate on social policy, to take one example, has moved from the barricades to the sociology seminar. In the 30's, the solution to the evils of capitalism seemed obvious: common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Now, one half of the Labor party is beginning to talk as if it does not think that capitalism as such has any major evils; and even the other half would be hard put to tell you what the evils actually are. Home politics, in fact, have succumbed to the managerial revolution. Political differences are rarely over first principles now: they are over the best way to apply agreed principles to particular cases. The same is true of foreign affairs. Who but an expert can hope to follow the intricate negotiations of the nuclear test conference at Geneva? As a result, there seems to be no room for the amateur. Yet he is still there, anxious to take part in the political process.

That explains why a crusade of some sort might have been expected: not why the crusade should have taken this particular form. To explain that, we must dig deeper. The first thing to notice about the CND is that in spite of its contemporary note—the beat clothes, the beards, the skiffle groups, the vague taste of spaghetti and espresso coffee—it is right in the center of an old and hallowed British tradition. The many teen-agers marching to Aldermaston may not know this themselves. Yet they are the lineal descendants of pious, upstanding Victorian pastors who thundered out against Bulgarian atrocities and refused to pay taxes for schools where their children might be contaminated by the wrong sort of religion. One of the hardest things for a foreigner to understand about this country is its strange mixture of genuine righteousness and intelligent self-interest. In some ways, Gladstone was the archetype of the successful British politician: he was as secure in the knowledge that the aces were safely up his sleeve as in the faith that God had put them there. Hence, for example, the strange contrast between British imperialism abroad and British anti-imperialism at home. The fortunes of half of Liverpool and Bristol were made from the slave trade—yet Britain was the first major power to make an effective protest against the slave trade. Britain was the sharpest operator in the history of colonialism—yet every one of her successful depradations evoked howls of honest indignation from a powerful section of the folks back home.

In particular, the British have managed to combine a healthy respect for the realities of military power with a genuine antimilitarism, stronger than that of any other European power. In the 19th century, the Royal Navy ruled the seas. But at the same time—chiefly because of the security given her by the Royal Navy—Britain was the only power in Europe which would have undoubtedly seen a revolt en masse at the suggestion that conscription should be imposed. Even in the First World War, when this country had its back to the wall, two years went by before the government dared to introduce conscription—and then it had to defy bitter protest from the labor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unions and many members of the Liberal party. In the years leading up to the Second World War, the Labor party found itself able to vote for resistance to Hitler and against conscription without the least apparent feeling of contradiction. This anti-militarist tradition survives as the residuary legatee of the Victorian nonconformist conscience. The Victorian nonconformist has had a bad press. In matters of sexual morality he was undoubtedly intolerant, sometimes even cruel. In matters of taste he was philistine if not barbarous. But in politics, he was often magnificent—if sometimes magnificently wrong. The basis of his political faith, above all in everything that concerned foreign affairs, was that morality, not force, should be the arbiter between nations. "He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

THE CND has inherited that faith. More, it has even inherited some of the methods and propaganda attitudes of its redoubtable Victorian ancestors. British history (and American as well, of course) is no stranger to the CND's characteristic blend of relentless publicity with otherworldliness. It is only the last of a long line of similar campaigns: the anti-slavery society, the anti-corn law league, the abolitionists of mid-19th century Boston, the anti-saloon league, the suffragettes, the pro-Boers. Like them, the CND is denounced as extremist and irresponsible. Like them, it is asked to produce practicable proposals. Like them, it steadily refuses to do any such thing. For like them, it knows that this is not the function of a moralistic pressure group. Among the banners carried in the latest Aldermaston march was one small banner carried by a solitary girl. It said simply: "Caroline says no." Caroline is the foundation of the CND's strength—and the way to rouse the Carolines of this world is to sound a clarion call, not nibble away at practicable proposals. When Garrison, the great abolitionist leader, declared that the United States Constitution was a "covenant with death" he did not expect to convince respectable people. He did expect them to take notice: and before long they did take notice. Admittedly, their first reaction was to put Garrison in jail. But in the end, even the respectable citizens of Boston were converted to the anti-slavery cause.

There are special reasons why the apparently old-fashioned faith of the CND should appeal to Britain today. It would be wrong to claim that Britain had suffered more in the Second World War than any other country: obviously Germany and Russia both suffered far more. Yet, in a very real sense, the war did more harm to Britain than to either of them. Russia was devastated and lost millions of men. But she emerged from her ordeal as the second power in the world, with her western frontier deep in the heart of Central Europe. Even Germany, defeated and divided though she was, has recovered from the war faster than Britain has. West Germany is now the dominant power on the continent of Europe. If the Common Market does solidify into a thoroughgoing federation, Western Germany will be the driving force and the dominant partner. Economically, and politically, the German people have done well out of the war. But Britain, although she won, has never recovered from her victory. For her, war meant the end of Empire, the end of her status as one of the arbiters of world politics, the end of her foreign assets. She came out of the war licking her wounds, and determined never to get into another one.

This is not to say that the whole of Britain is wedded to a policy of appeasement, or that the British people would be ready to sell the pass of the North Atlantic alliance. But it is true that the British are at the moment the most anxious of all the nations of western Europe to reach a *modus vivendi* with Russia, and the most prone to believe that such a *modus vivendi* is possible. It is also true that the British are more convinced than anyone else that a nuclear war would destroy them—and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed that they probably would suffer more certain and more complete destruction than anyone else.

Moreover, Britain is the only one of the nuclear powers which conceivably could make the gesture of unilateral nuclear disarmament. I do not myself believe that she should, but it is at least not obviously insane to argue the case for it. The United States clearly cannot contemplate the luxury of one-sided morality: she bears the world on her back, and if she loses her footing the rest of the world comes crashing down with her. France has only just got her bomb, and there would be little point for her to give it up so soon. But Britain could — conceivably — afford to take the risk. True, it is hard to see what good would come of it. A unilateralist Britain would no doubt be very popular with the non-nuclear nations in the Afro-Asian bloc—but it is not the non-nuclear nations whose bombs we fear. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Khrushchev or President Eisenhower being so moved by Britain's self-sacrifice that either would follow her example. But although Britain would probably do little good to anyone else by giving up nuclear weapons, it is at least arguable that she would do equally little harm to herself. She might have to change the direction of her foreign policy; to leave NATO; to become neutral in the cold war. For most of the British people, these would be extremely unwelcome consequences. But they would not be obviously and utterly disastrous. They would not mean the end of Britain's survival as a free country. Britain is the only one of the three largest nuclear powers of which that can be said, with even a slight show of confidence.

Some of the apparently unwelcome consequences, moreover, have a certain furtive attraction. Since the end of the war, anti-Americanism has become the secret vice of the British, denounced in public, but practiced all the more avidly when the curtains are drawn. The reasons are obvious enough. No one likes to feel that he depends on someone else; and a declining power is bound to resent the power which has taken her place. In addition, anti-Americanism has less obvious ideological roots. The right likes American capitalism, but dislikes American social democracy and comparative lack of class barriers. The left would like American social democracy if it were told about it more often; but it dislikes American capitalism. The CND is not overtly anti-American, but it certainly feeds on anti-American emotions. Next to Aldermaston, the favorite destination for protest marches is the U.S.A.F. base at Brize Norton, near Oxford; and one of the most frequent refrains in CND speeches is denunciation of American bombers flying overhead "loaded with hydrogen bombs."

But there is more to this submerged side of the CND than simple anti-Americanism. In a curious way, the CND is to the left what the Suez expedition was to the right: the last brave hope of British nationalism. The CND is nationalism standing on its head, but it is nonetheless real for that. Colonel Blimp is apt to denounce the campaigners as unpatriotic, and anti-British. In fact, their conception of Britain's power and prestige are about as out of date as his own. Hence the fundamental weakness in the CND's arguments. If Britain gave up her bomb, CND speakers like to argue, then other countries would have to follow suit: the force of Britain's example would be too great to resist. This is a misconception which could take root only in a great power—or in a country which had not yet realized that it is no longer a great power. Even more than the right, members of the CND cannot imagine a world in which Britain's moral gestures would in fact count for very little; and if told that that is the world they live in, they refuse to believe you. They have to believe in Britain's greatness—if only to denounce it.

But at heart they do not want to denounce it: they want to assert it. Nation-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alism is one of the strongest roots of the British left today. One can see it in the suspicions of the Labor party toward European union. One can hear it echoing through the speeches of (say) Aneurin Bevan, who can hardly make a peroration which does not call—sometimes in nearly Churchillian terms—on the national pride of his countrymen. One can sense it even in the literature of protest which has appeared in this decade. It was no accident that Kingsley Amis, the first of the postwar novelists, should call his latest novel (a satire on foreign travel) *I Like It Here*. It was no accident, either, that John Osborne's most moving and most convincing character was an old-timer, a survival from the Edwardian Age when men were gentlemen, women were ladies, and Britain was great. This nationalism has little in common with the traditional nationalism of the governing class, though it is not always easy to keep the distinction clear. In many ways it is more akin to the peasant nationalisms of Eastern Europe or Ireland, for it is stubbornly proletarian or lower middle class—the nationalism of the underdog, of the man who is not sure of himself or his place in society. Appropriate enough for a nation which is not sure of its place in the world. The CND, whose ostensible purpose is to weaken its country militarily, and which talks the language of internationalism, is, in fact, partly motivated by nationalist feelings.

GIVEN her economic and military weakness, Britain has played a larger part in world politics since the war than one would have expected. But surprisingly few educated people in Britain seem to realize this. (The uneducated ones probably do not realize that Britain is no longer economically or militarily powerful.) For many of the intelligentsia, postwar history has been a long series of rebuffs and humiliations, in which Britain has always been at the receiving end—sometimes, admittedly, because of the cowardice of British governments. The suspicions probably date right back to the beginning of the cold war. In 1945 Labor speakers confidently told their audiences—generally to loud applause—that left would speak to left, that a socialist Britain could act as the bridge between capitalist America and Communist Russia. When nothing of the sort happened, it was easier to blame the bloody-mindedness of the State Department or the pusillanimity of the Foreign Office than to assess the facts. Ever since then, a large section of the British intelligentsia has felt obscurely that if only Britain dared to take the initiative, world peace might after all, in some miraculous way, be restored. Instead, the intellectuals believe, Britain has been content to respond to the initiatives of others. She has tamely and abjectly followed the lead of her great ally—and that for the most contemptible of reasons. America, many people feel, has bought our birthright for a mess of pottage. Washington has paid the piper, and London must play Washington's tune. Yet London may well have more influence in Washington than its real strength warrants. But its influence has been exerted, on the whole, behind closed doors and expressed in the faceless language of the diplomatic communiqué. Its exercise may have safeguarded British interests: it has not assuaged British emotions. What the British people, or at any rate the British intellectual, yearns for is a noisy, impressive gesture; a foreign secretary with the courage to throw his country's weight about in public; a policy which would let the British people feel that they were helping to shape the destinies of the world as well as suffer from them. To this yearning the CND owes most of its success.

But how successful has it been? So far, its greatest success has probably been to change the public's impression of its own activities. In March 1958, during the first Aldermaston march, the press sneered and the public was hostile. Now the press is faintly respectful, and the public is at least polite. The CND is a long way from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

converting Britain. But it has managed to change the popular reaction from "damned idiots—they ought to be locked up" to "misguided fanatics—but at least they have the guts to say what they think." No one laughs at the CND now: it would be like laughing in church. The campaign has become a sort of secular Salvation Army. The general public shuffles by on the other side of the street; but it has an uneasy feeling as it shuffles that it may be doing something vaguely immoral. At the same time, the CND's activities have coincided with a remarkable change in the attitude of "responsible" public opinion. When the CND was started, the government had fairly recently adopted the defense policy of its Defense Minister Duncan Sandys. Britain was to rely increasingly on the nuclear deterrent. The Labor party, in spite of the doubts of its left wing, on the whole supported the British deterrent—which, after all, a Labor government had been the first to build. Now the government has modified its nuclear policy, and may be about to bury it. The Labor party has centered its foreign policy on the non-nuclear club; and a growing number of Labor politicians have started asking whether Britain might not be better off without nuclear weapons.

THERE are two obvious reasons for the change in the official and semi-official climate. The British deterrent had originally one great attraction: security at cut rates. H-bombs were cheaper than conscript soldiers, the argument ran—and besides they had no votes. Since then, it has become increasingly clear that the costs of nuclear power are simply too high for this country. Like humbler forms of conspicuous consumption, nuclear weapons trap their owners into a spiral of soaring costs. It is pointless to have nuclear bombs without the planes and missiles to deliver them; it may be dangerous to have them without the anti-missile missiles and early warning systems to deter other people from dropping them on you. Anyone can join the nuclear club. But if membership is to be more than a formality, the annual subscription rises at an astronomical rate. At the same time, the diplomatic arguments against Britain's deterrent have grown more persuasive. Two years ago, the nuclear club was at least exclusive. Now the hoi polloi are clamoring to be let in. Once they batter down the door, membership will no longer be a guarantee of diplomatic status—and the world will be more dangerous to live in. But it is becoming clear that Britain cannot hope to halt the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries unless she is ready, at some point, to give up her own.

These are the arguments which have begun to influence "responsible" opinion in parliament and the press. Unconvincing or convincing, they are all hard-headed political arguments, not moral ones. They can all be defended or rebutted within the traditional assumptions of power politics. Above all, and this is the crucial difference between those who profess them and the members of the CND, they can be defended without supporting any change in Britain's membership of NATO. They can even be presented as a way of strengthening NATO. There is, then, a deep gulf between them and the moral certainties of the CND. For the Campaign, nuclear disarmament is not expedient: it is right. Nuclear weapons are not costly or unnecessary: they are wrong. Yet it was the CND which put nuclear disarmament on the agenda. It has persuaded bishops and trade union bosses to speak for disarmament; and above all, it has forced millions of ordinary newspaper readers to talk about it—and perhaps even to think about it. In the end, this is its great justification. Someone like myself, who believes that the CND's policy would be disastrous if put into practice as it stands, must acknowledge a debt to the CND. In fact, the historic task of the CND—like that of most extremist pressure groups from abolitionism to free silver—is to have its clothes stolen by the moderates, and then see them cut down to size.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MYRON KOLATCH

The Yeshiva & the Medical School

IN FIFTEEN states scattered around the country, fifty young doctors are now interning who never took the Hippocratic oath. At their graduation they chanted instead the Declaration of Geneva (renouncing genocide) and listened to a recitation of the Physician's Prayer allegedly composed by the 12th-century rabbi-philosopher-physician Moses Maimonides. The fifty are the first graduates of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University, the only medical school in America under Jewish auspices. For some, they symbolize the happy reunion of medicine and Judaism; for others, they revive age-old doubts about the wisdom of mixing science with religion; for still others, they mark one more chapter in the sad tale of a rabbinical seminary gone astray.

Late in the summer of 1955 these young men, making their first visit to the new school, were ushered into a small wooden house near the corner of Newport and Morris Park Avenues, in the Westchester Heights section of the Bronx. Here, to the rhythm of building crews fighting time, they registered. In September, they returned to begin classes in a building still lacking its upper floors. Today the wooden house, long since converted into a construction shack, is dwarfed by sixteen acres of modern structures, walks, greenery, and natural rock outcroppings.

MYRON KOLATCH, a young writer who here makes his first appearance in COMMENTARY, has for some years been assistant managing editor of the *New Leader*.

Einstein's major teaching hospitals are immediately alongside the medical school campus, across Morris Park Avenue, on 63 acres of very neatly kept grass that reach all the way to Pelham Parkway. Actually, this is the new Bronx Municipal Hospital Center, consisting of the Abraham Jacobi Hospital, the Nathan B. Van Etten Hospital, and a staff residence building—all gray-white like the medical school buildings. Under an agreement with the city, the Center is completely run and staffed by the College of Medicine. On a 125-acre site the other side of Eastchester Road, the state has begun construction of a 1,500-bed, $70 million psychiatric hospital that will provide both in-patient and day-hospital care, and with which Einstein hopes to develop closely integrated programs.

Being the heart of a $150 million, 3,000-bed, 200-acre "medical city" puts Yeshiva University's medical school in an imposing position. What is more, it explains Einstein's impressive research grants (covering a wide range of fields from cancer to gerontology and totaling well over $20 million annually) and the college's strong faculty. Attracting distinguished faculty to a new college of medicine is difficult under any circumstances; attracting them to one under Orthodox Jewish auspices proved to be a special problem. Some of the professors offered posts at Einstein openly wondered if they were being asked to teach in a school founded on a prayer in a renovated Lower East Side tenement. But a visit to the buildings under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

construction, a survey of the plans, and a recognition of the stress being placed on research facilities helped to dispel any such impression.

Today Einstein is staffed by men like Dr. Abraham White (a widely recognized authority on steroid chemistry who taught at the Yale School of Medicine for fifteen years and helped set up the University of California School of Medicine in Los Angeles); Dr. Leo M. Davidoff (an internationally known neuro-surgeon, who has taught at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons and been associated with numerous hospitals); Dr. Irving M. London (formerly of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and a winner both of the Welch Fellowship in Internal Medicine and of the Theobald Smith Award in Medical Sciences of the American Association for the Advancement of Science); Dr. Henry L. Barnett (a former staff member at the Cornell University Medical College and the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, and a recipient of the 1949 E. Mead Johnson Award for Research in Pediatrics); and Dr. Alfred Gilman (co-author of the most famous basic reference work on drugs and their action in the body).

WHILE discussions of the relationship between Judaism and medicine almost always lead to the mention of Maimonides, this relationship is probably as old as the Biblical "I am the Lord, thy Physician" (Exodus 15: 26). Some scholars contend that medicine was taught as an independent subject at the Talmudic academies of Babylonia and Palestine; even those who disagree admit that it was a major topic of interest. Certainly by medieval times Judaism and medicine were firmly joined. Cecil Roth, in *The Jewish Contribution to Civilization,* estimates that half of all medieval rabbis were practicing doctors. Throughout the Middle Ages, too, medicine headed the secular curriculum of many Jewish schools.

This love for medicine was motivated to a degree by practical considerations. The rabbis of old were teachers, scholars, and community leaders who did not depend upon the whims of congregations for their existence; they earned their living in the professions, or as tradesmen and even as laborers. Medicine exerted a powerful attraction because doctors lived comfortably and were accorded great honor in both the non-Jewish and Jewish communities. Often it opened doors otherwise locked to Jews, for the tendency to regard medicine as an art rather than a science frequently made medical knowledge the key to acceptance by universities.

Apart from all that, medicine has traditionally occupied a unique place in Jewish law and society. The esteem in which it is held can be seen from the assertion by Gedaliah ibn Yachiah, contemporary of the codifier Rabbi Joseph Karo, that medicine is "a precious and famous branch of wisdom, since it is a ladder standing on earth and leading man to perceive the greatness of the Holy One and His wonderful deeds in the heaven and on earth." The *Shulchan Aruch,* which contains several laws regarding health and protection of life and limb that must be observed more strictly than ritual commandments, states unequivocally that healing "is a religious precept, and it is included in the category of saving life."

Indeed, Judaism's attitude toward preserving life is the ultimate foundation of its high regard for medicine. The Talmud (Sanhedrin, 74a) says bluntly that to save his life a man may transgress all of the Torah's commandments, except the prohibitions against worshiping idols, adultery (which here means living with a married woman), or committing murder. This derives from the Biblical exhortation, "Ye shall therefore keep My statutes and ordinances, which if a man do he shall live by them: I am the Lord" (Leviticus 18: 5). Oral tradition interprets the phrase "live by them" literally, rejecting the suggestion that it implies "die for them."

The *Shulchan Aruch* (based on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalem Talmud, Tractate Shabbat) further declares that one who unhesitatingly violates the Sabbath to help a critically ill person is worthy of special praise, that one who pauses to ask his rabbi's approval is a murderer, and that the rabbi whose opinion is sought is despicable because he has failed to educate his people properly about the importance of human life. It also warns that one is not to seek out either a non-Jew, a woman, or a child to commit the transgression, lest he give the impression of being reluctant to violate the Sabbath to help the dangerously ill.*

DESPITE the traditional link between Judaism and medicine, and despite the new college's auspicious beginnings, Einstein continues to stir controversy within the Jewish community. There are, for example, the rumors: that at Einstein classes are held on Friday night and Saturday; that the library is open on Saturday; that Orthodox boys encounter discrimination at admissions interviews; that wearing a skullcap on the premises is discouraged; and that it is hard to get kosher food at the college. Even in the halls of Yeshiva University's Main Academic Center, Einstein has been mockingly dubbed the *rofe cholim u-matir issurim,* "healer of the sick and permitter of the forbidden"—a play on the words of an *amidah* blessing which praises God's eternal might.

Yet the College of Medicine Bulletin lists no classes on the Sabbath or any Jewish holiday, and students readily confirm that none are held. Third- and fourth-year students are on hospital call seven days a week, but the Orthodox are not required to answer calls on the Sabbath—although there is precedent for such activity in certain circumstances. The library, too, is closed on the Sabbath until sundown.

The charge of discrimination against Orthodox Jews seems to be based on the feeling that Yeshiva's medical school should, on the contrary, give some special consideration to Orthodox applicants. In borderline cases, it is argued, religion ought to be considered in a candidate's favor. The admissions committee does not agree. To date, roughly 10 per cent of the student body has been made up of Orthodox boys.†

On the matter of wearing a skullcap, the procedure at the College of Medicine conforms to university policy: in Yeshiva's undergraduate schools, whether secular or religious, skullcaps must be worn both by students and faculty; in Yeshiva's secular graduate schools, which are coeducational and nondenominational, everyone may do as he pleases. At Einstein, students wearing skullcaps can be seen in the laboratories, hospitals, and streets. Several young men known to be religious do not wear hats, giving rise to the impression that they are inhibited by a hostile atmosphere. More likely, these students had never worn hats outside Yeshiva's environs as undergraduates. This is hardly uncommon; many who are otherwise strictly observant and would never keep their heads uncovered at home or when eating nevertheless do not wear hats while going about their daily activities.

Particularly perplexing is the charge that kosher food is difficult to get at the medical school. There is a handsomely appointed, strictly kosher dining room in the Student Recreation Center, and like all Yeshiva dining rooms, it is open to the public. Before the completion of the Center, kosher food was available at two restaurants built by the university only a

---

*I am deeply indebted to Dr. Moses D. Tendler, a young Talmudic scholar and microbiologist, for studying with me from original sources much of the Jewish law that relates to medicine; and to Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovits, the former Chief Rabbi of Ireland who now occupies the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Synagogue, for making available to me his doctoral thesis on Jewish medical law.

†Approximately 1500 young men and women —the vast majority of them Jewish—apply for the school's 96 openings every year. About 90 per cent of the total student body thus far has been Jewish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

block away from the Science building. In the hospitals, where the kitchens are run by the city, the food is not kosher. This has worked some hardship on Orthodox students assigned to the hospitals who are too busy to go out for meals. But the difficulty is hardly insurmountable.

ANOTHER major factor in the controversy surrounding Einstein is, on the one hand, ignorance of what Yeshiva has grown to be, and, on the other, unhappiness with the knowledge of what it has become. The origins of the institution can be traced back to 1886, with the founding on New York's Lower East Side of Yeshiva Etz Chaim, devoted exclusively to religious studies. Ten years later, the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary opened in the same area. In 1915, the two merged under the direction of Dr. Bernard Revel, who set the pattern for what was to become the second largest Jewish-sponsored university in the world (Hebrew University in Jerusalem being the first). From 1915 on new branches began to sprout, and in 1928 Yeshiva College for Men, the first American liberal arts college under Jewish auspices, opened its doors to students. At the time, the very idea of a rabbinical seminary founding a secular school of higher learning met with much the same kind of criticism that has greeted the College of Medicine today.

In 1941 Dr. Revel died. Two years later, Dr. Samuel Belkin became Yeshiva's second president, inaugurating a new period of growth. University status was achieved in 1945; a state charter authorizing the opening of medical and dentistry schools was obtained in 1950. At the close of the academic year 1959, 777 degrees and diplomas were conferred by seventeen different branches of the university.

There are nine schools—running from 184th Street to 187th Street on Amsterdam Avenue in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan—at what is now called the Main Academic Center: Yeshiva College for Men, Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, the Graduate School of Mathematical Sciences, the Bernard Revel Graduate School, the Harry Fischel School for Higher Jewish Studies, the Teachers Institute for Men, the Israel Institute, the Cantorial Training Institute, and the Yeshiva University High School for Boys.

The remaining schools are spread over six teaching centers in three boroughs. They include the Stern College for Women and Teachers Institute for Women, the Graduate School of Education and Graduate School of Social Work, the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and Sue Golding Graduate Division of Medical Sciences, the Yeshiva University High School for Boys of Brooklyn, the Yeshiva University High School for Girls of Brooklyn, and the Yeshiva University High School for Girls of Manhattan. Recently, Dr. Belkin outlined a $30 million, ten-year building program to meet the demands of the university's growing student body, which now totals 4,600.

Obviously, the name "Yeshiva," when applied to the entire university, is a misnomer. Those who fail to recognize this are understandably disturbed to find doctors being produced by the school they had always thought of as primarily a training ground for Orthodox rabbis and Hebrew teachers. "Where," they ask, "does Yeshiva come to a medical school?"

More significant and numerous are the people who fully comprehend Yeshiva's development and are unhappy about it. In their view, the secular branches have grown at a pace and in a fashion which threatens to obscure if not suffocate their spiritual trunk. The Catholic universities, these critics say, do not permit their religious identity to be obscured in any of their secular divisions. Even in naming its medical school, Yeshiva turned not to Maimonides or some other well-known rabbi-physician, but chose instead the name of a man who, while a genius, had no regard for the traditional practices of Judaism.

I was repeatedly told during the course

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my researches into Einstein College, "We don't need a non-Jewish school sponsored by Jews." One man to whom I talked pulled from his desk a clipping of an editorial which had appeared in the Brandeis University undergraduate newspaper. This, he said, may one day be the kind of thing that will appear in a Yeshiva newspaper. Entitled "Self-Respect," the editorial attacked the scheduling of classes on the second and eighth days of Succoth, and pleaded: "Here, if nowhere else on the academic scene, the Jewish student should not be made to feel an outsider, forced to conform to the demands of the Christian world."

Such anxieties are not totally groundless, especially where the College of Medicine is concerned. Since Einstein is part of a university dedicated to operating within the spirit and letter of Jewish law, it is neither surprising nor a sign of petty carping that eyebrows have been raised at the fact that Medical School buildings are open on Saturdays. No formal classes are held, no equipment can be obtained, but the Science building is open. Students can, and do, work in the anatomy labs, in histology or pathology, or simply study. Staff members engaged in research also use the facilities on Saturdays. According to Jewish law concerning violations of the Sabbath, if a man can otherwise secure what he desires, there is no obligation to deny it to him. This prescription surely applies to staff members, who could use other facilities on Saturday or could shift to institutions that would allow them to work on Saturday. Students, however, are in a different category. Other facilities are not readily available to them, they cannot easily switch schools. Because use of the Science building on the Sabbath cannot be effectively restricted to faculty and non-Jewish students, Yeshiva's position as a bulwark of Orthodoxy is being compromised.

The problem exists, too, in the case of hospital coverage. Orthodox students may arrange to be off on Saturdays and Jewish holidays, but non-observant Jewish students are in the hospitals at these times. An observant physician who teaches at another medical school told me, for instance, that certain rounds made on Saturday in the hospitals under Einstein's supervision could just as well be made on Sunday, eliminating unnecessary Sabbath violations. Einstein does not seem to concern itself with these matters, again compromising Yeshiva's position.

FREQUENTLY cited as an example of how the medical school violates the Torah is its willingness to accept students of priestly descent, *kohanim*. Leviticus, 21: 1–4 states: "And the Lord said unto Moses: Speak unto the priests the sons of Aaron and say unto them: There shall none defile himself for the dead among his people; except for his kin, that is near unto him, for his mother, for his father, and for his son, and for his daughter, and for his brother; and for his sister a virgin, that is near unto him, that hath no husband, for her may he defile himself. He shall not defile himself, being a chief among his people, to profane himself."

Prior to the 17th century, when anatomy was not part of the medical school curriculum, this prohibition against contact with the dead did not prevent *kohanim* from entering the field of medicine. *Kohanim* who were rabbi-physicians attended Ferdinand III, Alphonso the Wise, an Algerian Sultan, a Pope, and other notables. By the 18th century, as the number of schools requiring the study of anatomy expanded, the number of *kohanim* in medicine began to decline. In his valuable book, *Jewish Medical Ethics,* Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovits reasons that this "can only be explained as reflecting the growing misgivings with which the choice of medical career by students of priestly descent was generally viewed." At the very least, it reflects the growing confusion caused by the rabbinic literature which began to appear on this question. (The *Shulchan Aruch* itself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not discuss the special situation of the *kohen* and medicine.) One school of thought maintained that *kohanim* might perform anatomical dissections while studying medicine, arguing that the laws of defilement did not apply to priests in post-Exilic times and, moreover, that the accuracy of lineage was in doubt. A second, larger, school roundly rejected this view, though conceding that the *kohen* who violates the ban as a student was merely an "unwitting sinner." A third school permitted *kohanim* to study medicine only if they avoided coming into contact with the dead.

Most recently, an observant young American of priestly descent wrote the late Chief Rabbi Isaac Halevy Herzog of Israel asking whether it was permissible for him to enter medical school. Rabbi Herzog replied that the young man could study medicine anywhere in the world, providing he then came to Israel to practice.*

Clearly, the issue has never been settled beyond dispute, and Yeshiva's policy that each *kohen* who wants to take up medicine must determine his own course certainly does not indicate a blatant disregard for the Torah.

THE performance of autopsies is another cause of controversy. Municipal law, which governs Einstein's hospitals, requires autopsies which seem to involve a conflict with Jewish law. Autopsies are also part of training in anatomy and here too some people feel that a violation of Jewish law is entailed.

Does Judaism prohibit autopsy? It unquestionably prohibits any desecration of the dead, but is anatomical dissection such a desecration? In Talmudic times, the issue of performing autopsies for medical reasons seems never to have arisen, though there are several Talmudic references to anatomical investigations (e.g., the study of foetal development to clarify laws of ritual cleanliness, Berachot 4a). More importantly, there is no record of rabbinical objection to the practice before the 18th century, which marked the beginning of Jewish debate on autopsy by Talmudic authorities.

In 1737 Rabbi Jacob Emden, replying to a query from a medical student at the University of Goettingen, declared that it was forbidden to derive benefit from human corpses. Sometime afterward, what is perhaps the most widely cited decision on the subject was delivered by Rabbi Ezekiel Landau of Prague. Answering a question from London rabbinical authorities, he declared that autopsies constituted an indignity to the dead which was unquestionably prohibited by Jewish law. But, he went on, where such an investigation might result in the *immediate* saving of a life it was permissible.

Landau's opinion was apparently based on a discussion in the Talmud (Tractate Chullin 11b) concerning a murder: might an autopsy be performed to secure evidence that would benefit the accused? The sages said no, because the evidence uncovered would in all likelihood not be sufficiently conclusive to free the defendant —thus implying that autopsy *would* be permissible if it resulted in the saving of a condemned man.

This conclusion, however, did not settle the matter, and the debate carried on into the 19th century. The famous respondent Rabbi Moses Schreiber agreed with Emden that one was not allowed to benefit from the dead and with Landau that autopsies could only be permitted where there was an immediate prospect of saving a life, but he thought that the prohibition might not apply to non-Jews whose own teachings sanctioned post-mortem examinations. (This has given rise to the belief that Jews may perform anatomical experiments on non-Jewish bodies only. Actually, while some leading authorities do maintain this position, other equally impressive authorities do not.)

* Naturally, general principles cannot be drawn from a *halachic responsum* given to an individual, where many special circumstances may exist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rabbi Jacob Ettlinger of Germany rejected dissection even for the immediate saving of a life—unless the deceased had bequeathed his body for that purpose. Rabbi Moses Schick of Hungary disagreed with both Schreiber and Ettlinger, declaring that a person might not issue an order in his lifetime dispensing with the dignity due his body; nevertheless, he said, just as all laws are suspended to save a life, an autopsy is permissible where a life hangs in the balance.

In this century the debate has sharpened still further. Such outstanding authorities as the late Rabbi Benzion Uziel, a Chief Rabbi of the Holy Land, have approved the dissection of Jewish bodies so long as proper respect and burial are observed. Opponents of this sanction, whose ranks include many respected modern scholars, refuse to go beyond the Landau decision.

A climax came with the founding of the State of Israel. After long deliberation, the Chief Rabbinate ruled that autopsies might be performed when three designated physicians certified that the cause of death could not otherwise be determined, when it was conclusively shown that the lives of existing patients could be saved, and when hereditary diseases were involved.

As for anatomical studies in medical schools, Rabbi Herzog declared: "The Plenary Council of the Chief Rabbinate of Israel . . . do not object to the use of bodies of persons who gave their consent in writing of their own free will during their lifetime for anatomical dissections as required for medical studies, provided the dissected parts are carefully preserved so as to be eventually buried with due respect according to Jewish law."

It would be wrong to assume that the debate is ended; things are not that simple among Jews. But the currently predominant Orthodox attitude toward anatomical studies was excellently stated by Rabbi Jakobovits in a very detailed article on the historic and Halachic background of autopsy in the Fall 1958 issue of *Tradition*:

> It seems clear that some of mankind's worst scourges, such as cancer and coronary thrombosis, will not be conquered without the most painstaking studies on thousands of victims from these dreaded diseases. Modern communications have made the world shrink into a single parish, so that we may consider the revelations of an autopsy in America to be potentially of immediate benefit to a sufferer in Asia. It must also be accepted that a certain experimentation in anatomy is indispensable in the training of competent doctors.

Rabbi Jakobovits hastens to add "that the number and extent of autopsies must be limited to an irreducible minimum; that a sense of reverence must be preserved during and after the operation; and that all the remains must be buried as soon as possible with due respect." He also urges the adoption by Jewish hospitals of a suggestion by Dr. A. H. Merzbach of Israel that "a council of three religious doctors at every hospital determine the necessity of post-mortem examinations." Where this is not practicable, he suggests that "hospital chaplains or visiting rabbis might be appointed to sanction and supervise all autopsies in compliance with Jewish law."

Since its hospitals belong to the city, Einstein would face serious difficulties if it attempted to enforce these conditions. But even in the light of Rabbi Jakobovits' suggestions, the conduct of anatomy classes at the school itself is far from being the violation of Jewish law that it is popularly believed to be.

STILL, in seeking information about Einstein, one is struck by the repetition of stories which go far toward accounting for its image within the Jewish community. One of them concerns a visit to the college by a group from the New York Board of Rabbis, representing Judaism's three denominations. A highlight of the visit was a meeting with some of the college's most important faculty members, headed by the dean, Dr. Marcus D. Kogel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rabbis were eager to hear how various Halachic problems were being handled. It soon became apparent that the doctors to whom they were talking had no knowledge in this area, even though they were responsible for administering the school's program. Frustrated, one rabbi asked what distinguished Einstein from other medical schools. Dr. Kogel launched into a description of its unique design, advanced equipment. A second rabbi, who happened to be Conservative, cut him off to clarify the question: "When we walk into a Catholic medical school, we are immediately aware that we are in a Catholic institution. What is there about Yeshiva University's medical school that makes it immediately distinguishable as a Jewish institution?" To which Dr. Kogel proudly responded: "Nothing."

This response typifies the attitude of Einstein's dean toward the college.

"I was brought here," Dr. Kogel told me, "to supervise the construction of a medical school that every Jew would be proud of. My job now is to help make it one of the best in the country." He recounted the problems of moving from drawing board to reality, of attracting a high-caliber staff, of winning the philanthropic community's approval, and of running a medical school generally. And a brisk tour of the school and hospitals with Dr. Kogel revealed that he is not a desk-chair administrator. He knows intimately the buildings, the equipment, the students. The hospitals were planned under his guidance while he was New York City Commissioner of Hospitals, a post he held from 1949 until coming to Einstein in 1953. When the talk turned to the problems of running an Orthodox-sponsored medical school, Dr. Kogel backed away: "I don't know about those things. Maybe I'm sorry that I didn't pay a little more attention to them when I was younger, but it's too late now. You'll have to talk to the president of the university."

Confronted with the story about the New York Board of Rabbis delegation and asked if this didn't create a bad impression, Dr. Kogel answered that he could not remember the incident. But, he continued, a prominent Orthodox Jew once called to ask him how Einstein determines whether applicants are of priestly descent. "I told him we give them special pills, fluoroscope them, and take x-rays."

Was this wise public relations? "I simply have no patience with these people," he declared. "I have a job to do and it is difficult enough without that stuff. Maybe the man who follows me will be able to do things differently."

Meanwhile, Dr. Kogel apparently feels that it is vital to dispel the notion that there is anything essentially Jewish about Yeshiva's College of Medicine. He sees no irony in the remark he made to a New York *Post* reporter interviewing him for the paper's "Daily Closeup" column: "In fact, Yeshiva's president asked us please not to discriminate against any students wearing skullcaps." Never does he mention that in deference to the president he voluntarily adopted *kashruth* in his home. His public refrain seems to be: we were born of an Orthodox institution, but the cord has been cut and we are free.

ECHOES of this refrain can be heard from the faculty, though it would be unfair to leave the impression that everyone teaching at Einstein is dedicated to eradicating the signs of the school's origins. Some faculty members are unconcerned; others are curious to learn about Judaism's attitude toward medicine. The majority are strange to Orthodox ways.

To get a sharper picture of faculty feeling, I spoke to Dr. Irving M. London, chairman of the Department of Medicine, who is highly regarded in medical circles and also has the reputation (unjustified, according to the students themselves) of being rough on Orthodox students.

"Of course," said Dr. London when I asked him about some of the rumors, "everyone's religion should be respected. But the important thing is that Einstein is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

providing its students with a luxurious medical education. It has attracted some of the finest scientific minds available, people who have come to work in freedom. Any article that does not concentrate on the research being done cannot possibly present the real story of the school."

Quite plainly, Dr. London is deeply concerned that the scientific and philanthropic communities should not get the impression that free inquiry is being stymied by theology at Einstein. The rest of the faculty, it is safe to assume, shares this concern. That Judaism demands the exertion of every resource for the preservation of human life is not enough to allay the fears of the skeptical mind with its stereotyped image of the endless struggle between science and theology.

But the simple truth—although it takes on enormous, often bewildering complications in practice—is that "for the Jew, the greatest way to worship God is to render service to man." This, at any rate, is the view of Dr. Samuel Belkin, president of Yeshiva University. We met one evening in Stern College, for dinner and a long talk afterward. As we sat waiting to be served, Dr. Belkin surveyed the tables filled with gay, bubbling young women and said almost to himself, "We are overcrowded here." Then he recalled that in 1948 there was opposition to Yeshiva's opening a girls' high school, and six years later the same people opposed Stern College.

Dr. Belkin also remembers that when he first heard of Yeshiva some sections of the Jewish community were predicting its doom: "Shortly after I arrived in this country I joined the Agudath Ha-rabonim [the oldest association of Orthodox rabbis]. At the time, Dr. Revel was starting the college and there was a lot of excitement among the rabbis. The idea of a theological seminary opening a secular institution was severely criticized. The college, it was predicted, would mark the end of the rabbinical school."

That was in 1929, when Samuel Belkin, only seventeen but already ordained at the Radin Yeshiva in his native Poland, arrived in the United States. His eagerness for secular knowledge led him to Harvard and Brown universities, where he majored in Greek, receiving his Ph.D. from Brown in 1935. That year he also became an instructor in Greek at Yeshiva College; the next year he was appointed an instructor in Talmud at the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary. By 1940, he was professor of Hellenistic Literature in the newly organized Graduate School and dean of the Seminary. In 1943, as the Jewish community wondered who Yeshiva's second president would be and said to itself that he must be a man of superior Talmudic and secular scholarship, Samuel Belkin was named to the post. He was thirty-one years old.

Why did Yeshiva open a medical school when, say, a law school would seem more natural? Dr. Belkin answered this question first by dismissing the strangeness of the union: "Judaism is concerned with the totality of man, as is medicine." Then he enunciated what, in effect, is his basic philosophy: "We can no longer shut ourselves off in closed communities; the ghetto is not suited to our times. People want to be in the mainstream of society; if you try to restrict them you can't preserve much. It is vitally important that we achieve cultural integration while maintaining religious separation. And in preserving his traditions, the Jew must also contribute significantly to his country's welfare."

Dr. Belkin feels keenly that striking the delicate balance between integration and assimilation is a key to the survival of Judaism. Intimates suggest that he is motivated in part by what he has learned from his studies of Hellenism. Listening to him, one is reminded, too, of the Prophet Jeremiah's advice to the exiled Israelites: "Seek the welfare of the city wherein ye dwell, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in its welfare shall be your peace."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To demonstrate Dr. Belkin's philosophy dramatically, Yeshiva decided to enter the field of medicine. The president met with an official at the Rockefeller Institute, who outlined the work and cost involved in opening a medical school and the hospital it would need to function. The operating costs of the hospital were staggering. The Rockefeller man counseled, however, that Yeshiva form a Medical Advisory Committee.

Shortly afterward, a committee of fifty leading physicians and medical administrators met for dinner with Dr. Belkin. One of them asked what the religious requirements would be at the proposed school. Dr. Belkin said that only two demands would be made: all food served in the school would have to be kosher, and no classes could be held on the Sabbath or Jewish holidays. Several non-Jewish doctors noted approvingly that these would in no way hinder the development of a first-rate medical school. (In telling this story, Dr. Belkin adds that had the non-Jews present not been the first to speak up, some of their Jewish colleagues undoubtedly would have protested that the demands were intolerable.)

A small working committee was formed from the fifty-man gathering, but the hospital question remained. This was solved unexpectedly one day when Bronx Borough President James J. Lyons called Dr. Belkin for an appointment. He arrived with a Bronx delegation which reported that a large municipal hospital was planned for the Westchester Heights section. They had heard that Yeshiva wanted to open a medical school and were wondering whether it would become the hospital's teaching and research arm. Yeshiva seized the opportunity.

It is naive to suppose, as many do, that Dr. Belkin is unaware of the problems of running a modern medical school within the spirt of Jewish tradition. At the same time, it is not surprising that such an impression exists. For there seems to have been little or no discussion, let alone settlement, of these problems while Einstein was in the development stage. Dr. Belkin's guiding principle was apparently to avoid engaging in theoretical deliberations which could conceivably be interpreted as repressive sectarianism, and to deal with Halachic problems only as they arose in practice.

Selecting the medical school's name, Dr. Belkin explained, involved two important considerations: "We wanted to make it clear that this school is not a yeshiva, that it is a scientific institution. For the medical school is not an outgrowth of the Yeshiva, it is part of a larger plan for the expansion of the university. We also wanted it to bear a name which signified the highest scientific achievement. Our vision was to build a college of medicine which would rank among the best."

Albert Einstein's name not only satisfied these requirements but, said Dr. Belkin, "his love for Yeshiva was great." In fact, Einstein's devotion at times perplexed the president. Thus, the two were touring the medical school when Einstein stopped to ask a young man wearing a skullcap if he would remain an observant Jew now that he was studying medicine. The student responded affirmatively and Einstein said to him, "To change now would be immoral."

Why doesn't Yeshiva demand certain minimum religious observances, e.g., wearing a skullcap, at the College of Medicine and at its other secular graduate divisions?

"Once young men or young women have completed college," Dr. Belkin replied, "they have made their decision about religion. The molding period is over. On the undergraduate level, in high school, and college, the molding process is at a critical stage. There we are interested in the yeshiva-type student; we require strict adherence to traditional Judaism and will not countenance any violation of that tradition. On the gradu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate level, our objective is twofold: to provide the Orthodox student with professional schools where he can maintain his religion to the maximum, and to contribute to the general welfare of the nation."

Catholic medical schools require students of all religions in attendance to take a course in Catholic dogma relating to medicine; wouldn't a course in Jewish law and medicine, perhaps as an elective, be appropriate at Einstein?

To this Dr. Belkin replied simply, "We are not Catholics. What applies in Catholicism does not apply in Judaism. We do not separate the body from the soul." As for a course in Jewish law relating to medicine, he felt that the medical curriculum already was so crowded that it left no room for additions. Nor would he force such an orientation on the faculty. If, however, enough of them requested this instruction, that would be another matter.

What about the complaint, especially from rabbinical students, that Yeshiva's secular branches are flourishing at the expense of the Theological Seminary?

"The best answer to that is a look at the rabbinical school," Dr. Belkin said. "We are producing more and better trained rabbis today than ever before." He observed, too, that it was not unusual for one division of a university to complain that another is being favored, but that actually the growth of each benefited all.

The evening ended with Dr. Belkin recalling the following incident: "Recently, I was approached by a Yeshiva graduate who is now a doctor. He expressed dismay at what he had heard about Einstein. 'Where were you on Yom Kippur,' I asked him, 'when you were going to medical school?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I didn't do any work, of course, but I had to attend classes.' 'The Orthodox students at Einstein,' I told him, 'were in synagogue. For the first time, Orthodox young men and women can study medicine in this country without having to compromise their religious beliefs.' "

And the thirty-odd Orthodox students to whom I spoke agreed that for them this was the most important feature of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Little else brought total agreement, since "orthodoxy" is not a characteristic of the so-called Orthodox. The students fell into three general groups: the smallest of the three felt that things were fine at the school; everyone was free to act as he pleased, and nothing should be done to create an air of sectarianism. A second small group disagreed, insisting that Jewish philosophy and values should be emphasized, and that a "Torah-true" spirit should not only dominate the institution but proudly radiate from it. The largest group endorsed the principle of a free atmosphere and was undisturbed by the paradox of sometimes having to employ devious means to exercise its religious beliefs in what might be called its own house, but was fearful lest Yeshiva put itself into a position where the firmness of the institution's convictions might be doubted.

The greatest difficulties, both actual and psychological, were experienced by the Orthodox students in Einstein's first and second classes. Products of yeshiva elementary schools, and in most cases of Yeshiva University's own high school and college, they nevertheless were uneasy upon entering Yeshiva's medical school. This, many said candidly, was the result of suddenly finding themselves with non-observant as well as non-Jewish students, and with a faculty which was ignorant of, if not unsympathetic to, their ways. In addition, they were not quite sure of what they were permitted or forbidden to do in a medical school situation, and there was no one in authority at Einstein to whom they could turn with real or imagined religious problems.

Acceptance came easily once fellow students and faculty members grew to know them. To cope with religious problems, many sought the aid of a teacher at Yeshiva who is equally at home in the laboratory or with Halachah, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems were slowly solved at the administrative level. Recently, too, a delegation of Orthodox students met with Dr. Belkin and then with Dr. Kogel to explore current troubles. Informal instruction in Jewish law affecting medicine is also now given to pre-medical students at Yeshiva. But a majority of the students I spoke to urged that someone of unchallengeable scientific training and Jewish scholarship be put in authority at the medical school itself to rule on religious questions.

INTERESTINGLY, when I met with a large group of Orthodox students one night in a lounge at Einstein, they expressed exasperation at some of the rumors I asked them to verify. Several of them noted disapprovingly, though, that while it was considered necessary to have the hospitals covered by non-observant and non-Jewish students on the High Holy Days, Christmas was exempt from coverage. Similarly, they did not think it proper for students to work in the school on Saturday, but insisted that their own refusal to do such work did not put them at a disadvantage.

A question about admission interviews prompted some to insist that they had detected real hostility; others said that their interviewers were genuinely intrigued by Yeshiva's curriculum and explicitly expressed admiration at the amount of time devoted to studying Jewish law and ethics. One student volunteered that there were undoubtedly antagonisms at interviews and in the classroom, but these were gradually working themselves out; occasionally, he said, Orthodox students displayed questionable attitudes or were oversensitive.

My suggestion that perhaps Yeshiva should never have opened a medical school was unanimously rejected. "You must understand," a student remonstrated, "that the advantages are tremendous here." There followed a host of testimonials:

"Whatever its drawbacks, Einstein is the only place where we can attend medical school in full spiritual comfort."

"We always feel at home; the school has a definite Jewish atmosphere."

"Services are held three times a day in the new dormitory chapel. Before the chapel opened, almost every afternoon better than a *minyan* of men gathered in an empty laboratory to *daven Minchah*."

"The impression Einstein is making outside the Jewish world also is important," broke in a heavy-set boy. "Not long ago, over at the hospital, I was assigned to stay with an elderly man who was very ill. I was with him day and night for forty-eight hours until he died. His son was there too. Toward the end, he told me: 'I'm not the same religion as you are. But I see how you took care of my father like you would take care of your own father. I'm changing my ideas about your people.' To express his appreciation, he gave me a sandwich that he had run down to get for me. It was ham and cheese, but I just said thank you."

The most accurate diagnosis of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, I think, was made by a sober, bespectacled young doctor who is one of its fifty alumni: "The Jewish community, especially the Orthodox Jewish community, is not really ready for a modern medical school; it isn't prepared to meet the inevitable problems squarely and positively. And the faculty has not really adjusted yet to the idea of working in a Jewish medical school; it still doesn't fully understand what this means. Both have to mature, and Einstein's existence should accelerate this maturity. It's only a matter of time."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RODERICK MACFARQUHAR

China & Russia: The First Decade

A TENTH anniversary is customarily an occasion for review and appraisal. But the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Sino-Soviet treaty of friendship, alliance, and mutual friendship on February 14, 1950, merits attention for better reasons than mere convention. Only ten days before Mao Tse-tung and Mr. Khrushchev exchanged their telegrams of congratulation over one anniversary, the two allies had dramatically spelled out their differences over policy toward the West at the Moscow meeting of the Warsaw Pact powers. These differences had been visible for some considerable time; but they had not previously been placed in such striking juxtaposition. While they do not constitute a crack in the bedrock of mutual benefit and shared objectives that underlies the alliance, the present dispute may well mark a parting of the ways on important policy decisions.

The convening of the Warsaw Pact conference on February 4 was surrounded with enough mystery to indicate that something was wrong. First it was announced that all the East European Communist party and government leaders were arriving in Moscow for an "agricultural conference." North Korean and Mongolian delegates were attending as guests. Then it was revealed on February 3 that a Warsaw Pact conference would be held the following day and that Foreign Ministers had been preparing for it since February 1. The Chinese announced that they would be sending observers to this conference. The North Korean and Mongolian delegations were now stated to be attending the agricultural conference at their own request.

Even without the benefit of hindsight, there were many questions that clearly required answering. Why should all the major political figures in Eastern Europe converge on Moscow to produce an innocuous resolution on agriculture? Why did not the Chinese either receive an invitation or express a desire to attend the agricultural conference? What is the explanation of the changed status of the Mongolians and the North Koreans? Why was the Warsaw Pact conference announced only at the last minute, well after preparations for it had begun?

It is impossible to provide certain answers to these questions. But in view of the results of the conference it can be argued that the "agricultural conference" was originally designed as camouflage for a meeting at which Khrushchev would outline the policy toward the West which he wished the East European countries to pursue in the pre-summit period. (This writer has been told on good authority from a Communist source that during the last war the Russians always used the term "agricultural conference" as a code name

RODERICK MACFARQUHAR is the editor of *The China Quarterly*, "A New Journal of Comment and Documentation," which is published in London. The present article is his first contribution to COMMENTARY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for an important meeting such as that at Teheran.) The camouflage may have been necessary because the Chinese originally refused to attend a meeting that would endorse a policy of which they disapproved. Alternatively, Khrushchev may have wanted to exclude Chinese participation knowing what Peking's line would be. A number of similar cloak-and-dagger explanations can also be worked out.

The declaration of the Warsaw Pact powers was characterized by the diplomacy of its language and the sanguineness of its hopes for better East-West relations. In striking contrast, the chief Chinese delegate, K'ang Sheng, delivered a speech couched entirely in cold war language which rejected any idea of successful contacts between the Communist and Western blocs being possible. We know of this speech only because the Chinese press and radio took the remarkable step of publishing it. The press and radio of the Soviet Union and the satellites have, not surprisingly, given no hint of the intransigent line, so much at variance with that of the Warsaw Pact declaration, taken by the Chinese observer.

BOTH the Warsaw Pact declaration and the speech of K'ang Sheng start with the assertion that the international situation shows certain signs of relaxation. Both attribute this relaxation to the increasing strength of the Communist camp. From there on the arguments differ. The Warsaw Pact declaration concludes that the increased strength of its members has led the Western powers to realize that war can no longer be a means of settling international disputes. The world has, therefore, entered upon a period of extended negotiations for the settlement of these disputes.

The declaration cites four pieces of evidence to back this conclusion: last year's East-West agreement on the peaceful use of the Antarctic; the creation of a permanent UN committee for the peaceful exploration of outer space; the exchange of top level visits between East and West: and the cessation of nuclear testing over a considerable period (this being just before the French test).

K'ang Sheng's speech ignores two of these pieces of evidence—the Antarctic and outer space agreements. Nor does it mention the cessation of nuclear testing in so many words; one is left to infer it from the remark, obviously included as a rebuttal, that the Americans had announced they felt free to resume nuclear testing. K'ang Sheng would only concede that a certain measure of agreement had been reached on "procedural" matters with reference to disarmament in general.

Clearly the Chinese could not ignore the fourth piece of evidence—Khrushchev's visit to the United States. But K'ang Sheng explains it away in terms of his over-all thesis. The visit had been forced upon the Americans by the increased strength of the Communist bloc. An examination of Chinese comment at the time of the visit reveals that Peking believes that it was Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum that was the decisive factor. K'ang Sheng explains away the present Russo-American détente with the allegation that the United States is only making "peace gestures" behind which arms expenditure is increased, disarmament proposals are sabotaged, and more nuclear tests are planned—behind which, in effect, war is being prepared. The Warsaw Pact declaration does not ignore these points; but it mentions them more in sorrow than in anger.

The essence of this "great debate" is that China and Russia are disagreeing over policy toward the West rather than on their appraisals of Western intentions. Moscow and Peking choose to appraise the situation differently, to emphasize different pieces of evidence, mainly because they wish to draw different conclusions for policy. Mr. Khrushchev is certainly aware that mere talk of "peaceful coexistence" will not lead to the West immediately dropping its guard; on the other hand, Mao Tse-tung must certainly realize that America, after failing to take advantage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of its initial monopoly of atomic weapons, is unlikely to go to war now when the Soviet Union has immense capacity for retaliation.

Why then does Khrushchev wish to negotiate and Mao Tse-tung hanker after a policy of Stalinist rigidity? The answer stems from the youth of the Chinese Communist regime. Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues, as leaders of a self-confident and vigorous new state, see the world in terms of revolutionary situations ready to be exploited; forty-two years after their revolution, Soviet leaders do not seem to think the same way. Again, because the Chinese Communist regime is only ten years old and its economy relatively undeveloped, international tension is still a useful means of extracting even greater efforts from peasants and workers. Russia, economically far more advanced, no longer needs the foreign bogey to justify forced draft industrialization. Russia is a satisfied power, territorially, militarily, and from the point of view of prestige. China is not.

TERRITORIALLY, Russia is satisfied because the West has accepted *de facto* her possession of the East European states. This was made clear by the West's failure to intervene in Hungary in support of the 1956 revolt. At the forthcoming summit conference, Khrushchev will attempt to obtain some type of formal guarantee and to eliminate the anomaly of a free West Berlin. For these purposes, a policy of "peaceful coexistence" is desirable as a means of weakening Western resolve and setting in motion the centrifugal tendencies within NATO. Experience has shown the Soviet leaders that a tough policy will only unite the West against them.

Militarily, Russia is satisfied because she has achieved as near parity with America in the ability to deliver nuclear weapons as makes no odds. Her interests now to some extent coincide with those of the United States in this field. Both countries want to prevent the accidental initiation of a nuclear war in which they would be the major sufferers; both countries must try to prevent nuclear weapons from spreading outside the present "club."

From the point of view of prestige, Russia is now satisfied because she is now acknowledged as virtually the equal of the United States as a world power. Khrushchev's visit to the United States set the seal on both Russia's recently acquired status and on the Soviet Premier's personal prestige as a world statesman.

To argue that Russia is a satisfied power is not to suggest that Khrushchev has abandoned ideas of promoting the growth of Communism throughout the world. But it does imply that with Russian *national* considerations not involved, he thinks he can further this aim better and more safely if the possibility of a nuclear clash is ruled out. The essence of Khrushchev's current method of spreading Communist influence is too widely understood to require much elaboration. He aims to supplant the United States as the patron of the underdeveloped states, thereby gradually drawing them into the Communist orbit and eventually facilitating the rise of local Communist governments. It has been estimated that Soviet credits offered to underdeveloped countries rose from $11 million in 1954 to $921 million in 1959, having reached a peak of some one billion dollars in 1958. The total amount is still well below American aid—and much of the latter is in the form of grants; but even if Asians are not as naive as Mr. Khrushchev might hope, there can be little doubt that the Soviet Union's careful selection of recipients and projects has paid dividends in terms of influence and propaganda already.

The contrast between the positions of Russia and China is very striking. China still lacks Formosa. Moreover, Formosa is not merely a piece of Chinese territory; it is also a potential rallying point for all overseas Chinese and a source of support for any rising that might occur on the mainland. Talks between Chinese and American representatives have continued desul-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torily for almost five years but there has been no indication of the United States being likely to end its protection of the island.

Militarily, China is equally unsatisfied, because she lacks the means to dislodge the Nationalists so long as they are protected ultimately by the Americans. The 1958 Quemoy crisis showed clearly that Mr. Khrushchev was not prepared to give more than verbal backing to Chinese military activity in the Formosa strait. Under these circumstances, the Chinese can only wait until they have rockets with nuclear warheads with which they can threaten the American continent.

Now it is clearly in the Soviet interest to prevent this eventuality arising. The possession of nuclear weapons by a close, bellicose, and independent ally would not only limit Mr. Khrushchev's freedom of diplomatic maneuver, it would greatly increase the dangers of the Soviet Union being involved in a nuclear war with the United States for non-Soviet interests. Marshal Tito has quoted Mao Tse-tung as stating that China could lose half her population and still have 300 million left. Whether Mao would have made such a remark to a Yugoslav or to any foreigner is open to question, but there is no reason why the Chinese should not think on such lines. If they do, they would clearly be far readier to go to the "brink" than Mr. Khrushchev. It was noticeable during the early days of the Middle East crisis in the summer of 1958 that while Khrushchev could only call for a summit conference, Chinese propaganda indicated that if Mao were in his shoes, he would have sent his troops into Iraq to forestall possible American intervention.

It has been argued that it was his fear of what Chinese possession of nuclear weapons would mean that led Khrushchev to advocate an atom-free zone in the Pacific at the Soviet Communist party congress in January last year. When Premier Chou En-lai, the fraternal Chinese delegate to the conference, spoke on the following day, he made no reference to this proposal though it so obviously closely affected China. Subsequent Chinese statements on the topic were at the least evasive. Nor has the Chinese Foreign Minister gone back on his assertion, made in May 1958, that China would soon have nuclear bombs. Whatever the precise details about Sino-Soviet negotiations on this question, one has only to recall French resentment at America to appreciate what Peking must feel if Moscow has refused to supply her with nuclear weapons.

Finally, China is unsatisfied from the prestige point of view because, although her growing stature is acknowledged, she has not gained admission to the United Nations. It might be felt that Peking can afford to despise this kind of prestige; that use can be made of the exclusion of China to build up patriotic resentment against the West. But a study of China's increasing diplomatic activities must lead one to conclude that Peking would welcome the opportunity to play the large role in world affairs that UN membership would mean.

In sum, China has good national reasons, not shared by the Soviet Union, for not wishing to adopt moderate policies toward the West. She sees herself thwarted by the United States in a number of directions. There being no apparent prospect of ending the deadlock through negotiations, China's attitude is determinedly bellicose. Understandably, she disapproves of Mr. Khrushchev's conciliatory policy.

THERE are of course more than just negative reasons for this disapproval. An agreement between Russia and the West on the suspension of nuclear tests would leave China out of the nuclear club and with no means of matching America. Unquestionably, this is why the Chinese stated through their observer at the Warsaw Pact conference that because of the discriminatory attitude of America against China, Peking would not feel itself bound by any agreement it had not signed itself. Mr. Khrushchev's only hope of preventing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China from following France is by some form of diplomatic coup—America to give way on Chinese admission to the United Nations in return for China's adherence to a test-ban treaty. But his prospects of success cannot be considered too good.

A second important reason for Chinese disapproval of current Soviet policies is that while a Russo-American détente might benefit the Russians in Europe, it would apparently have no effect on America's posture in the Far East. A feature of the Chinese statement at the Warsaw Pact meeting was its attempt to depict Germany and Japan as equally menacing. The implication of the Chinese argument was that if Khrushchev thought Germany dangerous, he should also heed the potential military menace of Japan. The Russians have, like the Chinese, denounced the recent signing of the new security treaty between the United States and Japan. But while China has laid the blame equally at the door of Japanese warmongers and American imperialists, Russia has contented herself with a protest to Tokyo. Khrushchev clearly has no intention of allowing events in the Far East—where he knows America is almost exclusively concerned with China—to spoil his chances of a European settlement.

The Chinese, it has been argued, dislike Khrushchev's moderate attitude toward the West. They also have cause to resent its corollary—the decision to spread Communist influence by wooing the neutralists with aid and the glad hand. Russia's publicly declared neutrality over the Sino-Indian border dispute is in effect an insult to China; it is the first time in Communist history that one power has failed to side with another in a dispute with a non-Communist state. Moscow's desire to avoid offending India and Buddhist Asia could also be seen in the cursory treatment the Soviet press accorded the Tibetan revolt. There was no question of disapproving the Chinese action, but for the most part Soviet papers contented themselves with reproducing Chinese reports and avoided making their own comments. To cap it all, Khrushchev, a few weeks ago, went on an Asian tour, which included, at the time the tour was arranged, three countries—India, Burma, and Indonesia—with whom China was currently involved in disputes. Peking's hasty patching-up of her frontier quarrel with Burma shortly before Khrushchev's arrival only pointed up the very mixed feelings with which Mao must have regarded his ally's trip.

These causes for Chinese resentment may be only short term. But Peking must surely also wonder if the best way to spread Communist revolution in Asia is by bolstering non-Communist governments. In India and Egypt, the prime beneficiaries of Soviet aid, the governments are strongly anti-Communist. Mao knows that he himself only supplanted a nationalist government after armed revolution; Ho Chi Minh came to power the same way. Kerala is a very dubious example for a Communist to bring up as proof that Communist parties can come to power any way other than through a disruption of internal order.

Another factor that must weigh with the Chinese is that the more aid the Soviet Union gives to neutralist countries, the less there is for China. Furthermore, the extent of Soviet credits to the non-Communist world reveals how comparatively niggardly Russia has been with China. Certainly the supply of Soviet capital equipment has been vital to the success of China's economic development, but most of it has been paid for the same year. And actual Soviet credits to China for economic development amount to not too much more than half those that have been extended to India alone.

CLEARLY, then, the tenth anniversary of the Sino-Soviet alliance has coincided with a period of serious friction between the two partners. How serious can be estimated by a consideration of the psychological background of the acceptance by Mao and his colleagues of Soviet leader-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship. Originally the Chinese leaders became Communists because they saw in Marxism-Leninism a key to the capture and consolidation of power and because they were impressed by the Soviet Union's anti-imperialist stand. In the early years of the revolution, the Chinese accepted the leadership of Russian-trained Comintern agents. But they soon found out to their cost that the Russians had no sure answer to the problems of conducting a revolution in China, and, under Mao, they went their own way. But if, when they came to power, they no longer looked to Moscow for revolutionary advice, they still regarded Stalinist industrialization as the model for China; and Stalin could be followed as unqualifiedly anti-imperialist.

However, the backwardness of China in 1952 was far greater than that of Russia in 1928; and unlike Russia, China was faced with the problem of a vast and rapidly growing population. By 1958, Mao Tse-tung had decided that the Stalinist model was no longer good enough. Collective farms, the ultimate rural organization in Russia, were now merged into communes in China. The overriding emphasis of heavy industry so characteristic of Stalinist industrialization was abandoned as all over China peasants set up their back-yard "steel" plants. Later in 1958 the communes and back yard industrialization were considerably modified. But they were not abandoned, and it is very doubtful if Mao still considers Soviet methods of economic development the ultimate blueprint for all Communist societies.

Under these circumstances Mao's respect for Soviet leadership would be based simply on the fact that Russia as the strongest Communist power was the best qualified to lead the anti-imperialist struggle. It is reasonable to suppose that Mao's faith in Russia's ability to fill that role has been somewhat diminished by Khrushchev's current policies. However, this should not lead one to conclude that the alliance is in imminent danger of collapse. Mao must realize that Khrushchev, in his own way, is as fervent an apostle of Communism as he is himself. He doubtless considers Khrushchev wrongheaded and neglectful of Chinese interests, but he does not as yet consider him a traitor to Communism. Until the day that he does, the tremendous strategic advantages that the alliance brings to China as a nation, and its colossal importance to the cause of furthering world Communism will keep Mao at Khrushchev's side.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

The Working American Woman	ELIZABETH HARDWICK
Israel's New Ideological Crisis	ROBERT ALTER
Entangling Juvenile Delinquency	KENNETH KENISTON
Sex, Law, and Morality	PAUL BRESLOW

Also: A revaluation, by LESLIE A. FIEDLER, of a neglected classic of American Jewish writing, Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*. And by HENRY ROTH himself, a parable-memoir, "The Dun Dakotas."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIONEL ABEL

Art While Being Ruled

"Abram Tertz," Brecht, and Calderon

REALLY surprising about the Pasternak affair was not so much that *Doctor Zhivago* was denied publication in the Soviet Union or that Boris Pasternak was prevented from accepting his Nobel Prize award: fundamentally, our astonishment sprang from the fact that his novel had been written at all. So it is possible, Western intellectuals were forced to admit, for creative work to be pursued in the Soviet Union, at least by some individuals; creative work, moreover, treating those very facts of life in Russia which the Soviet authorities want left undescribed. Pasternak, to be sure, was something of an oddity, being neither a product of the October Revolution nor of its Stalinist aftermath. The poet's sensibility had already been formed when the Bolsheviks came to power, and if it was not so strange, after all, that a man of such culture and quality should have retained his critical sense, perspective, and feeling for individual judgment throughout the long period when literary and cultural thought in Russia were being bureaucratized, yet it *was* extraordinary that his unsparing and utter dislike for bureaucratization had been not only felt, but expressed, and clearly, and in a novel presented for publication in the Soviet state.

It is clear now that the writing of *Doctor Zhivago* was not an isolated event: Russian literature apparently has, and, in the future, is very likely to have, more surprises, both for the Communist leadership, and for us of the West. Not so long ago the French leftist review *Esprit,* the Italian periodical *Tempo Presente,* the British *Universities and Left Review,* and also the American quarterly *Dissent* published an article on "Socialist Realism" which is in many respects even more remarkable than Pasternak's *Zhivago.* The essay, moreover, is the work of a new and fairly young writer, a man who, I have been told on good authority, is in his middle thirties, and hence must have been formed culturally and psychologically under Communism; he is not someone from the old culture who managed to survive the revolution and Stalin. The author of the article on "Socialist Realism" is also the author of the long story—or short novel—"The Trial Begins," published in *Encounter* in January of this year, and bearing this signature: Abram Tertz.* "The Trial Begins," too, is an extraordinary work, though not, in my opinion, quite up to the article on "Socialist Realism" which so startled American readers

LIONEL ABEL's new play, *The Pretender,* is scheduled for off-Broadway production this month. *Absalom* (which won an off-Broadway award) has just been published, in *Plays of the Artists' Theatre* (Grove Press).

* The name is a pseudonym, but something about an individual may be expressed in his choice of a particular pseudonym. Is the Russian writer of Jewish origin? Jean Domenarch, editor of *Esprit,* who told me that the two pieces of writing are by the same author, also said that he might have discovered the author's real name but deliberately refrained from doing so.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when it appeared in *Dissent*. In any case, both works, of very high quality, are openly critical of at least certain aspects of Soviet life and culture. Evidently these pieces can tell us something about what is happening to the human spirit as it articulates itself in the new post-Stalin Russian literature.

I should add that neither the article nor the story by the new Russian writer who calls himself Abram Tertz—I shall from now on refer to him by that name—have been published in Russia. The manuscripts of these works, like that of *Doctor Zhivago*, were sent out of the country, no doubt surreptitiously, for publication in the West. The great difference, though, between these works and *Doctor Zhivago* is that the latter was fundamentally *addressed* to the West, not just published there. But the writings of Abram Tertz which have also been published in the West, and only there, are not, I think, fundamentally addressed to us. Nevertheless they have much to tell us, expressing as they do a new way of reacting to Communism, and to life from within a Communist culture and country.

Unfortunately, the two pieces of writing are by no means clear. Powerful, authentic, original—yes—but clear, no. I read Abram Tertz's article on "Socialist Realism" again and again without being able to be sure of what the author was saying; yet in the essay there is no sign of willful mystification; the man writes clearly and purposefully; but what he says is not clear, nor is his purpose in saying it evident. At first I thought he was trying to hide his real meaning behind irony, with a view to expressing his ideas in Soviet journals; but such an interpretation was, on reflection, impossible to hold to. There *are* occasions when Abram Tertz writes so clearly and so powerfully in denunciation of the Soviet regime that it is hard to conceive of why he would want to attenuate with irony criticisms less serious, or less bitter. Take this passage from his essay:

> So that prisons should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed any more, we killed and killed and killed.

I submit: this is not the language of an author who is trying to hide his meaning.

WHAT then is the meaning of Abram Tertz's article on "Socialist Realism"? At the outset, his main point seemed clear enough; the formula, socialist realism, is self-contradictory, and hence cannot be the guiding concept for an authentic Soviet literature. I think this *is* his meaning, and that in the rejection of socialist realism, at least, his thought is as unambiguous as one could wish. But when I tried to determine what kind of literature he wants to substitute for the kind that justified itself as socialist realism, his meaning suddenly became unclear. I could not tell, even after several readings of his article, whether the author wants Soviet literature in the future to be socialist *or* realist in character, and I am not sure that he himself knows which of these two terms, with all of the meanings each implies, he is ready to sacrifice for the other.

In any case, he has seen the self-contradictoriness of the concept of socialist realism, and nobody before him saw this or said it. His article is certainly the first serious criticism of Soviet literary policy to be made by a Soviet writer. So this is the moment to consider what Abram Tertz says that is understandable. Why, according to him, is the term "socialist" in contradiction to the term "realism" when applied to literature? Realism, of course, has traditionally meant direct inspection of what is going on in society or in the human mind, pursued with a critical alertness not to be inhibited by official pronouncements or received ideas. Such was the realism of Balzac and Flaubert, of Goncharov, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gorky. On the other hand, in Russia, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

term "socialist" has come to stand for official pronouncements and received ideas. To put the matter in another way: realism was an instrument for attacking ideas that had been received from churchmen, aristocrats, and spokesmen for the bourgeoisie, but not received from Socialists or Communists; the "real" facts all non-socialist realists dealt with in the past were arguments against pronouncements by churchmen, aristocrats, or spokesmen for the bourgeoisie, but not arguments against pronouncements by Socialists or Communists. Realism, in other words, in its traditional character, was polemically motivated against an official view of things. Socialist realism, on the other hand, assumes that it is possible to synthesize the official Soviet view of things with such "real" facts as may have been "seen" by the writer. But an official view, Soviet or what have you, cannot but be just as polemically motivated against "real" facts as realism has been against official denials of fact. The incompatibility between the terms "socialist" and "realist" is both logical and psychological. The writer's impetus, if he is a realist, is to show that some official view is false, and without that impetus he has no motive for being especially realistic. Then there is the matter of logical incompatibility. The denial of real facts may be called "socialist" or "communist," whatever one pleases, but it can hardly be pursued in the name of "realism."

So far, so good. Abram Tertz's analysis of the impossibility of socialist realism as a literary concept is simply impeccable, and I have not in my brief summary done justice to all the richness of insight he brings to bear in his discussion. It is at this point, though, that the ambiguities of the author commence. For the question arises: which of the two terms, shown to be incompatible with the other, does he wish to retain as a guide for future Soviet writing, or even as a principle for his own work? Does he want a literature which will be socialist but not realist, or does he want a literature which will be realist but not socialist? Does he want writers, himself included, to point up all those facts which the official pronouncements of the Soviet government gloss over and even hide, or, committed to his government's basic policies, does he want a literature which will not gloss over real facts since it will not pretend to be describing them, a literature that will be fantastic rather than realist, and religious rather than critical? It does seem at times that this is the kind of literature Abram Tertz favors, but one cannot be sure. In what sense could such a literature be called socialist? Socialist? And yet leave unexplored what is actually taking place in the lives of people supposedly living under socialism? Now I cannot say that I have been able to determine what the author's judgment is on this matter. He can be interpreted as being for a realist literature or a socialist literature; he can be quoted on both sides of the question, and with about equal force. Yet the man is clear-headed. He writes:

> Our misfortune is that we are convinced socialist realists but not convinced enough. Submitting to its cruel rules, we are yet afraid to follow to the end the road that we ourselves have chosen. No doubt, if we were less educated, it would be easier for us to attain the integrity that is indispensable to a writer. But we went to school, read all kinds of books, and learned only too well that there were great writers before us—Balzac, Maupassant, Tolstoy, and, yes, what's his name? —Chekhov. This is what has undone us. We wanted to become famous and to write like Chekhov. This unnatural liaison produced monsters.

Here is Abram Tertz talking darkly. But why darkly? And what is one to think of his summation in the penultimate paragraph of the same essay:

> Right now I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life. Such an art corresponds best to the spirit of our time. May the fantastic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> imagery of Hoffmann and Dostoevsky, of Goya, Chagall, and Mayakovski (the most socialist realist of all) and of many other realists and non-realists teach us how to be truthful with the aid of the absurd and the fantastic.

Why, one wonders, does one need the aid of "the absurd and the fantastic" in order to be "truthful"? And how could Mayakovski help with "fantastic imagery" if he is "the most socialist realist of all"? But even if we disregard the more obvious contradictions in the above, still another question remains which one is hard put to answer: is the actual predicament of Soviet writers under the present regime the *excuse* for creating a literature of fantasy, or *must* such a literature be created by Soviet writers who want to be in touch with the realities (the fantasies?) of their time?

THROUGHOUT his essay the author implies—he does more than that, he asserts—that there is no other purpose men could give themselves to besides Communism. No other ideal is worthy of man's devotion; and the highest ideal conceivable for any human effort merits being called divine, indeed (he does not scruple to use the word) God. So Communism is God. Does Abram Tertz mean to say—he implies it, and in many a passage—that since Communism is God, it transcends, or stands outside of any particular action undertaken to realize it? Then Communism is good in itself, no matter what Communists do in its name. A crime committed for the sake of Communism is not criminal or even wrong; quite the contrary; the Communist goal is too beautiful to be judged by human or moral standards. From this it follows—although one cannot be sure it does for the author—that a realistic literature describing the actual activities of present-day Communists would amount to a travesty of Communism itself. One cannot judge God by his priests. Thus we get some perception of why Abram Tertz seems to favor a non-realistic literature even though he does not state this in so many words. For a God is best represented by symbols and signs. But if we take this to be the author's final notion, we are prompted to ask how he would deal with the following difficulty: according to that notion, nothing happening in Russia, no matter how horrible, could be used as an argument against the Soviet regime. Obviously any criticism of the state would have to have a foundation in real fact; to attack a Soviet official or a Soviet policy one would have to confront the ideal by which the Soviet leader justified himself, or the norm by which the particular Soviet policy was justified, with the real content of the official's action, the real consequences of the particular policy. I repeat, to really criticize Soviet life one would have to be a realist. If Abram Tertz often seems hostile to realism, on the other hand, neither in his essay, nor in his story "The Trial Begins," does he refrain from criticizing Soviet life, and even by implication, the Soviet state. But from what point of view is the criticism made? One does not know. Here is another puzzling passage:

> The events of the last few years are dragging our art on a road of half-measures and half-truths. The death of Stalin inflicted an irreparable loss upon our religiously aesthetic system; it cannot be resuscitated through the now revived cult of Lenin. Lenin is too much like an ordinary man and his image is too realistic: small, bald, dressed in civilian clothes. Stalin seemed to be specially made for the hyperbole that awaited him: mysterious, omniscient, all-powerful, he was the living monument of our era and needed only one quality to become God—immortality.
>
> Ah, if only we had been intelligent enough to surround his death with miracles! We could have announced on the radio that he did not die but had risen to heaven, from where he continued to watch us, in silence, no words emerging from beneath the mystic mustache. His relics would have cured men struck by paralysis or possessed by demons. And children would have kneeled by the window and addressed their prayers to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cold and shining stars of the Celestial Kremlin.

Can this be irony? Once again, on reflection, one cannot be sure. Lenin's merits as a Communist leader were real, Stalin's were imaginary. From this fact, if we take Abram Tertz literally—which he may want us to do—it would follow that Stalin is the better symbolic representative of the divine purpose of Communism than was his predecessor in the Kremlin. If Lenin's authority came from the real force of his character, Stalin's could come only from the impersonal force of Communism itself; but Communism, if divine, would not need the devotion of gifted or even great men. Thus, Stalin, however criminal, however bureaucratic, would represent the idea of Communism better than could Lenin, for all the latter's real qualities of force, intelligence, selflessness. Clearly there is something in this peculiar judgment of the two Soviet political leaders similar to the peculiar evaluations of realism and fantasy in Abram Tertz's essay. One point the author has made clear at least: if Communism is a religion, a realistic literature would not serve it. But is this finally Abram Tertz's view?

I HAVE concluded that I cannot determine what his view really is. Passing from the essay to the long story "The Trial Begins" did not prove helpful to an elucidation of the author's meaning. On the whole, his story seemed to me a less successful effort than his essay. There are in it the same puzzles, similar contradictions. Soviet life is described in bizarre, peculiar, fantastic terms. Typical positions taken by Soviet intellectuals and apologists for the regime are subjected to ridicule; yet the story does not add up to an indictment of the existing Soviet society or of its political leadership; in fact, it contains no indictment of anyone, or even of any institution, including the Soviet police. The inconsistencies by which the people of Russia manage to square their personal aims with the state's purposes are represented as the basic data of experience; if there are real problems, these lie elsewhere. Thus it is that of the two works I preferred the essay, which affected me more as a work of art should than did the story, and this leads me to the following explanation of the essay's theoretical inconclusiveness: in works of art, contradictions, without being obliterated, may be made to abate the bitterness of their antagonism. In a painter's landscape, the lion, without losing his characteristics, may lie down alongside the lamb. The reason, then, that we cannot penetrate to the message of the author on socialist realism is that in trying to state it he has created, out of his puzzles and confusions, a work of art. Nor is it so strange that the Russian writer's intellectual essay on the topic of socialist realism should succeed in a way not intended by him, while his story fails artistically. To begin with, the motives in Abram Tertz's story are too intellectual to be quite real. It is hard to believe that the young boy in "The Trial Begins" could be so concerned about the theoretical difference between just and unjust wars. It is not hard to believe that Abram Tertz himself is intellectually involved with such questions. The direct statement of his intellectual dilemmas is thus more moving than is his effort in "The Trial Begins" to distribute these dilemmas among his characters. For the author to say in his own person that Stalin should have been granted immortality is far more interesting than for him to describe, as he does in his story, the mighty-handed dictator blotting out the city of Moscow. But if the essay on socialist realism is a work of art, let us not forget that it contains the most annihilating criticism ever made of socialist realism as a literary concept; in fact, it is probable that this is the only real work of art which has ever been instigated to any degree by the promotion of that inept and self-contradictory term.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A work of art, but art of what kind? Now there is only one way to understand any art work which is at first strange to us, and that is to compare it with other works to which it bears some significant resemblance. When we find two or more works which are strange in a similar way and were produced in different periods under conditions that somehow correspond or tally, we are in a better position to understand these works, and to evaluate them. Are two strange things that yet resemble each other less strange than one? Can this be? It is.

II

READING Abram Tertz's essay, I was continually reminded of *The Measures Taken,* the play of Bertolt Brecht. Performed in 1930, it was attacked savagely by both Communists and anti-Communists. I do not think it has ever been performed since. It is inconceivable that it could be staged in the Soviet Union; yet indubitably this is a great play, maybe Brecht's masterpiece. While it would be wrong to think of *The Measures Taken* as an anti-Communist play, clearly it could not but be an unpleasant experience for party members to see it done. In reply to attacks on his work from the Communist press, Brecht was reported to have said that the play was not liked because it had been misunderstood. And the reason for the misunderstanding of his work was this: the playwright was more of a Marxist than the Marxists. But was he?

The Measures Taken is not a realistic play. Its construction is extremely formal, the story it tells is most fantastic; maybe it was this very play which suggested to Abram Tertz the genre of socialist-irrealism or socialist-superrealism toward which, from his essay, he seems inclined. Brecht's play, highly unified, simple in structure, presents four Communist agitators who report to the Control Commission of the party on their treatment of a young comrade whom they have liquidated. The reason they liquidated him, as they state openly, is this: the young comrade was too honest, too sincere, too bent on alleviating the sufferings of the masses. They had begged him to change his character and to become more like themselves: less honest, less sincere, less bent on alleviating the sufferings of the masses. Had he changed in accordance with their injunctions, he might have become a worthy agitator. He did not change. There was no alternative but to act:

> We decided:
> Then he must disappear, and totally.
> For we must return to our work
> And cannot take him with us and cannot leave him behind
> We must therefore shoot him and throw him in the lime pit
> For the lime will burn him.

The Control Commission approves their action as follows:

> We agree to what you have done.
> Your report shows us how much it takes
> To change the world:
> Anger and tenacity, knowledge and indignation
> Swift participation, profound reflection
> Cold acquiescence, endless persistence
> Comprehension of the single man and of the whole:
> Change reality.*

Evidently, in his play, Brecht approves the action of the agitators in liquidating their young comrade. And in fact, at the crucial moments of the play, one is convinced that the action of the agitators was correct. Yet one sees at once why no Communist group would try to have Brecht's play performed. For why should Communists want to proclaim that individual virtues like honesty, sincerity, and sympathy for the masses are inconsistent with serious participation in party activity? On the other hand, the play is undoubtedly an exaltation of the Communist party.

Here we have a literary work which, intended as praise, can also be understood

* Text is from Eric Bentley's English version, in *Modern Theater VI* (Anchor Books).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as an attack upon the object it is engaged in praising. A contradictory work, but not in the sense that its contradictions are fatal either to its aesthetic unity or to its dramatic force. A remarkable play, too; unhappily, one for which there is no audience.

Abram Tertz's essay reminded me of *The Measures Taken*. Brecht's plays in general have often made me think of Calderón's. In fact, I am somewhat puzzled that no literary critic (to my knowledge) has compared the German playwright with the 17th-century Spanish master.* In structure, the *autos* of Calderón are very like such of Brecht's morality plays as, for instance, *The Exception and the Rule* and *The Measures Taken*. Note that Calderón was the official poet of what was, for his time, an almost completely totalitarian society. Now Brecht conceived himself to be, and was finally recognized as, the representative writer of the Communist movement in its most totalitarian period. The play of Calderón which I want to compare with Brecht's *The Measures Taken,* and also with Abram Tertz's essay on socialist realism, is not a play dealing with political issues; however, it does express an attempt by the great Spanish dramatist to accept what must have been unpleasant and even horrible to him in his society.

Surgeon to His Own Honor—I prefer to translate Calderón's title less literally as "Physician for His Own Dishonor"—is a play of revenge, but of thwarted revenge, only half-consummated revenge. Don Gutierre, a Spanish nobleman, suspects that his wife may have feelings for another man that go beyond mere friendship; he decides to murder her. Gutierre cannot attack the man she may be interested in; the latter belongs to the royal family. So Gutierre decides to have his wife bled to death by a surgeon—it will be thought that she died accidentally, or of illness, and thus there will be no reflection on Gutierre's honor. The nobleman carries out his purpose, his wife is dead, his honor intact. The King, who has had knowledge of the affair, and obviously approves the nobleman's action, suggests that he remarry. Don Gutierre demurs. What if a new wife prove unfaithful? In that case, says the King, you will know what to do. It would appear that the frightening cruelty of the husband has the poet Calderón's full endorsement.

But this is by no means sure. For Calderón has gone out of his way to lay bare a certain cruelty in the King himself, and thus is in a way indicting the whole society of which the King is the highest representative. In one scene the King threatens his clown thus: for each joke told which does not make His Highness laugh, the clown will have a tooth extracted. It is true that the ensuing dialogue cannot but be dramatically interesting, for we want to see the King, made to laugh, expose his teeth, while the clown, unsmiling, saves his. Nevertheless, there is something in the scene which goes beyond sheer dramatic interest. Unquestionably Calderón would not have written it had he not wanted to underscore the King's, and Gutierre's, cruelty. Yet the play breathes an almost pious devotion to the society for whose values the King and Gutierre stand.

III

The three works I have discussed, the contemporary Russian writer's essay on socialist realism, Brecht's play, and the drama of Calderón, are, it seems to me, aesthetically consistent works that simply lose meaning when we try to restate what they say in purely analytical terms. That which makes them consistent is never a clear idea, but a tone, a feeling, a formal quality, and perhaps something personal which cannot be made intelligible by any other means than the

* The one European country, aside from Spain of course, where Calderón's plays had a real impact was Germany. Goethe greatly esteemed the playwright; Schlegel even overestimated him, having a keen eye for his virtues, no eye for his faults.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very ones these writers have employed. Self-contradiction, to be sure, far from being fatal to art, may actually engender it. That emotional instability which the clear-headed thinker tries to transcend in the sphere of ideas, can even be vindicated as order in an aesthetic work. Not, however, without a price. There is something peculiar, unnatural, and baffling about the two plays and the essay discussed above: art they are, but not art of the highest quality. In the three works, something humanly felt by the three writers is denied: Abram Tertz denies the value of Lenin's real character; Brecht denies the values of honesty, sincerity, and sympathy; Calderón denies the humanity of his hero and of his hero's King; but in all these works, too, the repressed values somehow assert themselves, even if obliquely. Each work can be described as a repression of part of the writer's personality; the repression is carried through successfully in a formal sense, but the repressed part speaks out too. Abram Tertz writes: "Art is elastic enough to fit into any bed of Procrustes that history presents to it." Here, I cannot but agree. The limbs of the human spirit, lopped or lengthened to fit the Procrustean bed of totalitarian ideology, may yet move in harmony, but only to the tune of some bizarre or fantastic music, suggestive both of triumph and of bafflement. One thinks of those dances of beggars during the Middle Ages, in which cripples, according to the pictures we have, often figured prominently. These dances may have had a weird beauty. Emaciated limbs, twisted spines, stumps and crutches were woven by music into patterns, but that weaving music must have been strange and wild. Does Abram Tertz think that some such music can order and save from dullness future Soviet writing? Here we get an inkling as to why the author, throughout his many contradictions, shows a constant resentment against realism (he does not finally reject it) and a definite predilection for images (he does not finally accept them) of the fantastic and the absurd.

My final reaction, after analyzing the young Russian writer's essay and comparing it with the two plays it may be said to resemble, was a feeling of wonder at the permanence and unmanipulability of literary form. The propagandist may say what he is told to say, but he can say it only in a certain manner, only with a certain gracelessness. With whatever he does not genuinely adhere to, he will not be able to touch our hearts. But when a writer strives against his own sensibility to accept values against which he continues to rebel, he may finally be able to touch us with his very effort to flog himself into conviction, and with his pain at being thus flogged. The Russian writer's essay is proof that art can be created today in the Soviet Union and that such art cannot but express, if only obliquely, some rejection of the society which it yet accepts. If not the very greatest kind of art, works of this sort can reach a high level, and it is comforting to realize that they are not altogether different from works produced in the past. We cannot finally understand what the author of the essay on socialist realism has said, but we can understand him as an artist, and his essay, if we think of it as art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID BERGELSON

Story's End

DAVID BERGELSON—*considered by many critics to be the greatest Yiddish writer of the generations following Mendele, Sholem Aleichem, and Peretz—was killed somewhere in Russia in 1952, a victim of the anti-Semitic upsurge during the last years of Stalin's rule. Born near Kiev in 1884, Bergelson made an early reputation with the novels* Arum Voksal (*"Around the Railroad Station"*) *and* Noch Allemen (*"After All"*). *In 1921, he left Russia for Berlin; but he returned when the Nazis came to power. Despite his valiant efforts to "cooperate" with the Soviet regime, however, he was always under suspicion of "Jewish cosmopolitanism"; finally, in 1948, together with other Jewish intellectuals, he disappeared. It was not until 1958 that his reputation was "rehabilitated" by the authorities.*

"Story's End" is taken from Shturemteg (*Kiev, 1927*), *one of the several volumes of short stories Bergelson produced. The translation from the Yiddish is by Jacob Sloan*—ED.

THIS new room—I got it through the State Housing Agency—will be my salvation. I feel it in every bone of my body—here's where I write my first strong, solid piece.

Material? The fascinating apartment itself.

I'm tremendously excited. Now I stop being a beginner and make a name for myself.

I felt it the very day I moved in. I inspected every nook and cranny of the apartment. Everywhere I smelt a special odor, the perfume peculiar to a certain kind of woman. I began trying to track down the source of that odor. I caught a glimpse of my neighbors on either side. What a piece of luck! Fellow novices, what fools you are! No writer springs full-grown from Minerva's forehead. It's simple: to begin, dig up good material. Meet life face to face—the way I'm doing in this apartment.

The first person I became acquainted with was Eli Krisman. He's a compositor in a printing shop. He calls himself a Communist, but I don't believe him. If it was up to me, I might let him be a candidate for the party—or perhaps not even that. At any rate, he talks to me about Communism as though it were a matter of habit—he's really indifferent. There's a red Japanese fan hanging on the wall of his room, framed by a pair of mandolins and a guitar. The point about Krisman is that he's a fanatic about cleanliness. He spends his day off polishing his shoes, for no good reason that I can make out.

Here's how I'll start my story:

"He acts exactly like a married man without a wife."

My other neighbor (in the room on my right) is a very fat, smallish, pale young fellow. His face has the yellowish color of white bread that has risen satisfactorily after being well kneaded—the consistency of noodle dough. You might put his age at anywhere between nineteen and thirty-three. His name is Jonah Maskileyson—a name as pimply as his face.

I find him very suspect. He seldom steps out of his room. On the other side of the wall between our rooms, I often hear him pulling some very heavy object out from under his bed. He opens it, removes something, puts it back. Then he walks around his room, very deliberately. I need only cough or take one step for Maskileyson to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grow frightened. He quickly pushes the heavy object back under his bed and then is very quiet for a while, as though out of breath.

Once I met him in the hall afterward, and asked him where he hailed from. He turned bashful. It was a long time before he could answer. Finally, he smiled, and said: "But where should I hail from? Begging your pardon, I'm from Priluk."

I didn't understand the necessity for the smile. As for his "begging your pardon," I was reminded of an old woman I once heard say, "Tt-tt, the bus, begging your pardon, has already left."

But my main subject will be the young woman who used to own this apartment. Everything about her—her body, her face—is sinful. At a guess, she's thirty-two.

She lives in the room to the left of mine, down the hall. The hall is dark. Suddenly, you go down two unexpected steps. You feel your way. There's a heavy cloth drape hanging in front of her door—either green or blue, it's so dark, you can barely see.

And then, all at once, you smell it: the odor of perfume, powder, all kinds of cosmetics. It sets you thinking of a pretty woman, a glorious rendezvous. Drape, perfume, darkness, all hint at the creature comforts waiting on the other side of the door.

The door opens.

Your first view: Persian rugs. Low, soft, upholstered furniture. Gobelins on the wall. Japanese screens around the wide, wide bed. White fur.

Then your eyes roam about. You see varicolored silk pillows. Pillows on the sofas and on the big soft chairs. Pillows everywhere.

And in a corner, a dazzling pair of high-heeled slippers, very pointed. Also, the strings of a discarded corset.

In the opposite corner, the slender figure of the landlady, sitting.

There's something wrong about her: the scar on her neck—short but quite deep. It could be the vestige of a childhood operation. Or it could be a memento from the time one of her lovers attacked her with a knife. (I really am not obliged to wrack my brains over *that.*) But after I return to my room, the one thing I remember is the scar—it's a warning not to confuse her with any other woman. Afterward, I remember the rest of her.

There's a black spot at the left corner of her wide, blood-red, sweet-tooth lips. The rouged spots on her cheeks, looking as though she'd been pinched. The nose with a slight hook—the hook belongs. Long gold rings in the bold red lobes of her ears. And, most important of all: long-lashed eyes. You imagine they must be black and very sad until you look closely and perceive they're really dark blue and very jolly.

I've been living here a few days.

I walk the streets aimlessly; I'm very busy. Suddenly I recall her slender, arched figure, her bare arms as she moves through the apartment in a loose house dress. I have a strong impulse to return to my room. I remember the goings-on in the evening, the shady characters who visit her till late at night—there are still shady characters around, though the Reds have been in power several years—and I'm happy to be in a position to write about it. (That is to say, to fight it.) I go home eager to take pen in hand and write.

My first meeting with the landlady (it was in the dark hall). She opened her door and stood there, introducing herself. An odd kind of silent introduction. But it made much more of an impression than the more talkative kind.

She threw me a look that produced two sensations: first, a stirring in my groin. Second, the feeling that I'm missing something. What it is exactly I don't know, but I'm certain about it. There's something missing in my life.

The same day (a second encounter). Another glance, more familiar this time. I list my thoughts again: I'm still young. I have black satin eyes. I'm wearing a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black satin pleated jacket. I'm a beginning writer with leftist sympathies. I side with the Reds. I must contribute to Soviet literature a piece of writing that's true, straight from life. Everything I see here I'll use to illuminate my new piece.

What is more: if necessary, I'll report everything I know to the proper authorities.

From that point on, I began to listen avidly to every conversation on the other side of the thin wall separating our rooms. I learned a great deal.

2.

THE landlady has a deaf, old father—he used to own a five-story house. He lives somewhere three or four streets away. The boarders call him "old Zabarski." He's husky, gray-haired, well dressed, just the way you would picture an old absentee landlord. (Interesting speculation: how does a man like this get along under the Reds?) His deafness—the wads of cotton in both ears—seems deliberately put on to increase his importance. As though he has the right to insist that everyone speak very loud to him, not because he's deaf, but because he used to own a five-story house, and is still a somebody.

Every morning—the city still damp with the shadowy, lingering coolness of night—he comes to receive a report from his daughter. She serves as his go-between on his various affairs. He rings the front doorbell three times—that's the signal it's him coming, old Zabarski himself.

I open my door a crack and see Krisman, the sleepy compositor, who has to get out of bed and let the old man in. Krisman holds up his falling pants with one hand, a nasty expression on his face. His other hand is busy scratching the back of his neck, and he looks as though he's about to punch the old man. But it doesn't seem to bother old Zabarski at all. He says politely, with vast dignity, "Thank you very much."

A second later he has slipped through the heavy cloth drape into his daughter's room.

I sit up in bed, mouth open and sleepy eyes shut, and, leaning against the wall, listen.

"I propositioned him," Sonia Zabarski shouts into the old man's deaf ear. "It was dangerous. I said to him, 'You've got a chance to be rich . . . perfectly legal.'"

Silence. . . . The old man must be taking snuff.

"Well?" he asks.

"He's young!" the landlady shouts louder. "A *spez*—a technician but no Communist. Has just been on the job for a month. He doesn't take money."

Four such mornings . . . five . . . six. . . . It's clear now how the old man gets along. He's an "operator." Uses his daughter to "build up contacts" among technicians. Where money isn't inducement enough, his daughter offers her body.

What a way to make a living!

Lying in bed, I yawn and fall asleep thinking of the material I shall write up. Fine material. In the darkling interval between waking and sleeping I remember Sonia Zabarski—young, pretty, a good figure. She was born to please herself and to please others. No one is fool enough to admit it, but everyone dreams of just that. She has a habit of not locking the bathroom door from the inside when she's washing in the morning. Once, not realizing she was there, I opened the door. She was half-naked. She didn't even apologize. Startled, I stepped back. There was a brief meeting of our eyes—hers seemed to ask whether I had seen . . ? and whether I really . . . ?

Pooh! The devil take her!

I decide that the first thing to do is to describe deaf old Zabarski arriving every morning to receive an accounting from his daughter.

This is the way I'll begin:

"The sun came up late over the great city. Above the high, many-storied walls, triangular patches of sky looked down, seeming higher and bluer than the sky."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am pleased with the beginning—particularly the triangular patches of sky. Eyes shut, I lie there seeing those clouds.

"Blue like zinc. . . ."

Now I'm sure I'm going to become a writer with a big name.

At last—a beginner no longer!

I am beside myself with joy. My thoughts run away with me. Suddenly I catch myself in the middle of a chapter quite different from what I had intended:

"A young, very pretty woman in a long fur coat is walking down the street. It is the beginning of winter, the first snow is falling. Sonia Zabarski (surprisingly, not yet in jail!) is walking the length of the city park to keep a rendezvous with a tall young official. Unable to seduce him for her father's black market activities, she has fallen in love with him. She waits some time for him to appear, and begins to lose hope. . . ."

And the young official is really myself. Why me of all people? For no good reason. I think it a pity that anyone else should be the official.

So I fall asleep with an odd sweet-and-sour feeling, a young man whom a pretty woman has fallen in love with because she can't seduce him for her father's crooked affairs.

Out of pity for her, I finally do turn up in the city park, appearing from a side street.

AROUND nine o'clock, when I got up and began to dress, I remembered how considerate I was in the story. Yawning, I thought about the government, how badly it needs fellow-traveling young writers like myself to help end corruption.

Still plenty of corruption.

A chat with Maskileyson, the boyish-looking pimply fellow to my right. We were standing near his door.

I found out that the landlady's husband, a Red Army doctor, has left her. "About a year and a half ago, or more," the boy-man drawls.

I listened with assumed indifference, as though it didn't matter to me one way or another. After a moment's silence, "But still," I asked, "she stays on here as the wife of a Red Army man?"

"Yes . . . she's still here."

And his chubby cheeks grimaced cautiously, like a bashful child. Meaning, he wondered also but was too quiet a person to say anything.

It turned out that once, when the housing office tried to move her out of her big room into a smaller one, she made a tremendous fuss. She located several influentials, and was finally allowed to stay. Incidentally, the compositor—Jonah Krisman—he helped her too.

I (prudently), "Why?"

He didn't reply. But the muscles around his fleshy nose quivered in the direction of a half-smile. The implication being: "For her good deeds!"

Another chat with Maskileyson. It has to do with the noisy crowds—mostly men—in the landlady's room till late at night. But there are also occasions when they come singly—quietly, almost secretly. For these visits she dresses very simply, very correct. Afterward, she'll brag to the boarders.

"You know who was to see me?" She mentions a name.

"For instance," I asked. "Whose name?"

"For instance," repeats the boy-man. "Names out of a hat."

It's a shame: Maskileyson doesn't seem to be involved in her affairs. Anyway, it turns out there isn't much material in him. All he does is sit in his room all day. He's waiting for a visa from his brother in Argentina. The heavy object he's always dragging out from under his bed is nothing but a common ordinary suitcase, where his things have lain packed for over a year. He has an old, worn-out student's hat with a broken lacquered visor in it. He bought the cap from an ex-student very cheap, because it's not worn nowadays—the way officer's epaulets are out of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashion. Another thing he keeps in the suitcase is an eighth-grade diploma he received when the revolution broke out. Getting the diploma came very hard (he says so himself), because ever since he was a child he's had a thick skull. Besides, his father died when he was young. His mother was always chiding him:

"Your cousins have no trouble at all. They go through the *gymnasium,* on to the university, and get it over with. All the time you're forever studying, but nothing ever comes of it."

And when he finally did get his diploma, his mother was dead, there was a revolution, and a fellow like him—a man with an eighth-grade *gymnasium* diploma—wasn't worth much any more in this country. On the other hand, a diploma was still a valuable thing to have in Argentina—that's what his brother wrote, the one who was supposed to send him a visa.

Obviously, to pass the time the boy locks his door and opens the suitcase.

Once, when we were the only ones in the apartment, I looked through his keyhole to see what he was doing.

He was staring at the diploma. He stared a long time. Then he folded it with care, gingerly took his student's cap out of the suitcase and, just as gingerly, as though it were made of glass, put it on. Then, slowly and carefully, he walked back and forth through the room. Obviously, he is very depressed because no one in our country cares about his having a diploma. When he receives the visa from his brother, he'll begin feeling like a somebody again. And the moment he crosses the Soviet border, he'll put his cap on. . . . Let the whole world know him for what he is!

Here's something perplexing: why did the landlady give an idiot like this a room in her apartment—and why has she kept him on for over a year?

The answer is: (1) Old Zabarski visits her on business every morning; (2) there are criminal doings in her apartment; (3) actually, her room is the base for a gang of criminals.

So it pays the landlady to board her rooms out to idiots who have no idea what's happening under their nose.

Then where do I fit in—a young leftist writer—just a beginner, to be sure, but still loyal to the Red government? In Moscow they're sweating trying to find out what's wrong, why every step comes so hard—while here, in the very apartment I live in, technicians are being bribed over my landlady's body. I've a bee in my bonnet to use this as material for a story. But why don't I simply report it all to the proper authorities instead?

The only reason is that I don't have the facts, not yet. I still don't know who's in my landlady's gang. First I must learn all their secrets, catch her and her whole gang, red-handed.

3.

MY EAR grows sharper every day. Not a rustle of her well-shaped body escapes me. No one has asked me to do it? What of that? It's my duty, isn't it?

Quiet. Two o'clock in the afternoon. I hear from the other side of the wall a small, light cough—the kind of cough only exceptionally pretty women produce, as though to tell you: "I'm at home . . . in my room."

After the cough, silence again. I strain my ears. Another rustle. Very low, coming from the Persian rug on the floor. She must be putting on her slippers. I imagine her doing it in my room; she wouldn't be bashful, because she's become very familiar with me. I can almost see her in the act: the lines of her bent, sitting figure, the shape of her folded legs, the way she slips a slender foot into the slippers, very light, because that's the way she is. And the swift movement of her fingers—long, restless fingers with gleaming, manicured nails, so long they droop and spread at the tips, like shoulder blades.

She coughs again. "Here I am."

I pace my room, sniffing the odor of perfume and powder. I'm slightly un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy about her going out in her best clothes, leaving the whole apartment empty for several hours. On the other hand . . . I'm sure it doesn't matter, her pleasing me so much as a woman. To the contrary. There's no law against my acting like a man, is there? As a matter of fact, it encourages me to follow the dictates of my conscience. If necessary, I'll hand her in. I'll just write a letter to the proper authorities:

"In apartment number blank, house number blank, street such and such, in the room across the way from mine, every night this is what has been going on." And I'll go into details. Then I'll sign my name —they can take it any way they wish, but I'll listen to the voice of my conscience.

That's positive.

So there is no reason for me to be afraid because the landlady is trying so hard to get on intimate terms with me.

Not by accident does she leave the door of the washroom ajar every morning while she's washing. Who but me would she expect to meet there, when she and I are usually the only ones in the apartment at that hour?

Once, when she was done with her toilet, she sauntered through the whole apartment, looking into all the boarders' rooms —in her role of landlady, ostensibly. She came to my room.

"Ah!" she marveled. "You home? I thought you weren't in. None of the others are."

As she spoke she looked me straight in the eyes with a friendly half-smile, as though to say: "What pretty satiny eyes you have. . . . I like you, but you're a kind of clumsy oaf, young fellow. You have no idea how to behave when you've a landlady like me and none of the other boarders are home."

Then, as though to give me some inkling of what a young fellow like myself might expect from a landlady like her, standing close to me in the doorway, she stretched her arms over her head, in a kind of early morning yawn.

Her breasts curved out round and full, her whole body straining, as after light calisthenics.

She seemed to be waiting for a reply. When I said nothing, she glanced around my room. Actually she was more interested in looking at me than at my room.

"Both your windows are bare," she said. "We'll have to find you some curtains. Coming into the courtyard in the evening, one can see everything that's going on in your room. I've been thinking of it."

Now, what did she mean by that?

She'd been thinking of me. (That's the first thing.) And then, the idea had entered her head that a young fellow like me—things might be going on in my room at night that people outside in the courtyard ought not to be witnessing. As for her, she was no puritan—she'd put up curtains for me.

I lost my tongue. Why didn't I say, "It really doesn't matter. It doesn't make the slightest difference to me whether I have curtains or not"?

I was so sorry not to have spoken that after she had gone I left the house. I went out for some fresh air—it was stifling there.

I WONDERED whether I was running a slight fever. The people I passed in the street looked different somehow, as though their landlady had visited each of them that morning with the offer to put up curtains in their room.

A few days later I came into my room after a walk to find freshly starched curtains hanging over both windows. Clean, snug, long curtains. They gave the whole room a new, comfortable line. The landlady's odor lay in their pleats. The moment I entered, I smelled her perfume. As though she had sprinkled it everywhere —on the pillows tumbled on the made bed, on the four chairs next to the wall, the small couch with its hollow mattress. Everything in the room gave me a sense of well-being.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The chest in the corner, the paper on the small covered table that serves as my desk, seemed to be waiting quietly to rebuke me. "You fool, you're too late. You should have come earlier."

I had the sensation of being a happy newlywed. And to someone so light.

The apartment was silent—apparently no one was at home.

I don't know how long I paced my room. Finally, fatigued as though I had been to a noisy wedding, I lay down on the small couch to rest in the room's luxury. I was tired, the way you feel after a hot bath. My whole body wanted to lie there forever. My eyes shut of their own accord, to see the scene I was writing close up.

". . . How different Sonia Zabarski looks, seen from a distance. Everything about her has changed, even her walk. Her face, slightly drawn, has become even lovelier through suffering. The eyes under her long eyelashes, once so blue and jolly, are darker now, almost black, and very sad. She broke off with her deaf old father a long time ago. He doesn't come to see her any more—the fact is, Sonia Zabarski has few visitors nowadays. For she's in love with a tall young official —he's a famous author. He emerges from a side street to meet her in the city park."

At that point the thoughts and feelings linking me with reality ceased. I couldn't bear to leave the spot in the city park where I was meeting her.

I fell asleep with a sense of ease and sweetness, unaware that my cheek pressing hard against the pillow was turning red. I don't know how long my sleep lasted. I remember being annoyed at a disturbing sound that kept trying to pull me out of bed.

Slender, light fingers were knocking at my door. I sensed their slenderness sight unseen. With a dying heart, I sat up and listened. The fingers knocked again.

"Come in!"

The landlady stood in the doorway. She wasn't sad and she wasn't crying. Her blue eyes, smiling at me with sinful charm, preceded her into the room.

"You poor thing," she laughed at me for being so sleepy, so lost-looking, and at my red, creased cheek.

"Poor, poor thing. . . . Woke you up, did I? I've come to borrow your table and chairs. I'm having company tonight. A lot of people."

Of course. It would never dawn on the landlady to repent and become a woman of suffering. Never occurred to her that the proper thing to do was to break with her deaf old father and the rest of the gang, forbid them to enter her room.

The boarders always lent her chairs and tables when she had a party. Her jolly eyes rested on mine: Would I be less obliging than the other boarders?

I LOST my self-control. My only thought was that I was completely unlike her gang—I wasn't just an ordinary young writer . . . not nowadays with the Red government in power. Our country had too many dirty corners to sweep out.

So I was unhappy at not having refused the curtains when she offered them. But now, because I was still sleepy; because I didn't know what to tell her about the table and chairs; because I lost my self-control under her friendly glance—now, all unexpectedly, I blurted out what I should have said when she asked me about the curtains: "It doesn't matter . . . all the same to me."

And then, independent of my mind, my legs began to move about the room. But she was overjoyed and never paid the slightest attention to my reply.

She began carrying the chairs out, one after another. It wasn't until all the chairs were moved, and the bare walls were staring complainingly at me for not having defended them from this attack, that I realized how foolish my "it's all the same to me" had been.

Her gang would be sitting on my chairs tonight. It would look as though I was helping them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now all that was left to move was my writing table. It wasn't very big, but it was awkward. She attacked it from various sides, pulling it in to her so that it pressed against her belly, the two far legs hanging off the ground. Her face turned red, and she fell to laughing. Finally, she gave me a questioning, happy look.

"Well? Are you a gentleman or not? What about it, friend?"

I don't remember how it happened but I, who was never much of an athlete, suddenly was possessed of the strength of Hercules. A few minutes later, when I was myself again, it was all over and done with. I, quiet unassuming Baru, a young writer who considered himself ready to give his life for the Red government if need be—bent over double, had carried into my landlady's room on my back the very table on which it was my duty to write the whole truth about her to the proper authorities.

Breathing hard with the exertion and excitement, I stood on the Persian rug next to the table in her room. The door was shut tight (it may have been locked), and the landlady was obviously pleased—because I had acted the gentleman, and because I had stayed and we were alone in her room. She came over, eyes smiling, and stood in front of me, her arms at her side, shoulders slightly slumped, breasts curving round and full toward me.

Something I had never expected occurred. I think more than anything it was the scar on her neck that upset me. . . . My knees began to tremble and I fell into her arms.

All the time I lay there I never stopped wondering how everything about her was much more delicious, much more sinful, than I had imagined it would be, glimpsing her half-naked in the bathroom, or hearing her cough from the other side of the wall.

At last, her voice, tinged with sleepy weariness, awakened me. "Well, young fellow, that's enough for you. Enough for the first time."

I could see she had no regrets. In fact, she looked quite content. From that I gathered that nothing bad had happened, and that I had nothing to regret either.

But there was no time for regrets, anyway. Someone had been ringing the front doorbell for some time, very hard. The landlady was standing at the mirror.

"Go," she said, fixing my hair with quick fingers.

I remained standing in front of her.

"Go away!" she pushed me with her knee. "Off with you! Quick!"

4.

I PACED my room, aware that I had lost something but not sure exactly what it was.

I heard the landlady shouting into her father's deaf ear. "Did you fetch the wine? Put it in that corner. Get more. They'll all be here. Tonight. They'll be drinking. Tell Leov to come too. I'll introduce him to the V.P.—the way he works, 1-2-3—there's a man for you!"

She was shouting louder than usual. Obviously, she felt freer than she had yesterday—there was no longer anyone to be afraid of in the apartment.

Pacing back and forth as I listened to her loud voice, I discovered I was dissatisfied with myself—with what had happened in the landlady's room, with my fatigued body. It berated me:

"You've slipped badly, haven't you? No more clean conscience for you. You're one of her gang now, no better than somebody called Leov, no better than that V.P.—the one who works 1-2-3. Why did you have to do it?"

On the other hand, reason came to my moral defense.

"It makes no difference. There's no law against enjoying your landlady's body, so long as you haven't committed a crime because of it. And you haven't. The way you feel about her, and her deaf father, and the whole gang that's going to get drunk at her place tonight—the way you feel about them hasn't changed a whit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If necessary, you're still ready to write to the proper authorities about the whole kit and caboodle, sometime. And not sometime in the distant future, either, but right now. This evening, in fact."

To prove to my body that it's all wrong about me, I begin composing the letter in my head:

"For three weeks I've been living in apartment number. . . ."

No, better tell it exactly.

"Today is exactly seventeen days since I began living in this apartment. It used to belong to a Mrs. Sonia Zabarski, who still lives here. She purports to be the wife of a Red Army doctor, but actually the above-mentioned husband left her a long time ago—probably for good reason. The fact is, he threw her over."

My body is calm now, convinced it was badly mistaken about me—I'm not sparing the landlady at all, though I'm quite fond of her. In fact, you might say I'm passionately in love with her. The devil! I'd be a criminal not to turn her in. Because a criminal is what she is.

It's foolish of me, but she's the only thing I can think of.

Listen here! If you're to be honest, be honest. Here's pen and ink. Act calmly—there's no hurry. But act.

I settled down at the window sill, pleased at my coolness as I began writing.

"Today is exactly seventeen days. . . ."

I write with decision, at great length. The light's been on in my room for some time, but I don't remember having noticed it was growing dark and having put the light on. I keep writing, slowly, deliberately, like a man of decision.

The front doorbell rings festively. The landlady's guests are beginning to arrive. Somebody's in her room. I can hear her voice. The newcomer's footsteps are firm, young, happy, jangling like spurs. Suddenly it grows quiet there.

I sit where I am, dying, and listen intently. She's alone there with somebody. They're kissing.

"A gang of criminals," I resume writing. "Imagine: catching this gang means uncovering a vast network of huge illegal activity throughout the country. The chief agent, Sonia Zabarski, has seduced many honest young people who could have been very useful to the country's new order."

I rise and pace about again, thinking. "My God, I could have been seduced too!"

The doorbell rings again and again. Apparently, the guests are arriving in two's and three's. They're coming on business.

"Listen, comrade," somebody repeats for the hundredth time, like a religious chant, "back home where I come from in Deep Russia. . . ."

I move around my room, glad it's all over now, and I've signed it. All there, lying snug in my breast pocket. Clear evidence that I'm not in the least involved in what's happening on the other side of the wall.

I listen to the happy, self-satisfied murmur. As though sin is the only thing that counts in this world—everything else is dirt.

For me as a writer. . . . I mean, for the big piece I've begun writing, it certainly would be very useful now if I could be there and have a look at those miserable people—learn to know them, as individuals.

I keep thinking of that after I put out the light in my room the better to hear in the dark.

"These people—put them all together and they make up the criminal world. But each of them has a face of his own, his own nose, eyes—and his own heart. To write about them properly, you have to be with them, just for a short time at any rate. Just one evening, be one of them, go to the landlady's party with them, share their feelings: 'She has set the table, put out the wine, dressed up, just for me.' "

All at once I forgot what I had in my breast pocket. I hurried to the small,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken-down couch in the darkness; there was a rushing in my heart. It spread to my chest. After all, nothing like that had ever happened to me before. Like being married to her, that Sonia Zabarski. For I'm a pure young man. This kind of relationship with a woman stirs me deeply. Afterward, there's an emptiness.

Why do we have to feel so empty afterward?

I've forgotten the half-drunk murmur on the other side of the wall. I don't know how long I lay like that, angry at myself. Suddenly I sat up—there was a rustle at my door. I felt lively again, as though a lost happiness were returning.

The landlady's perfumed, made-up, frightfully busy head popped through the open door.

"You here?" she threw the words rapidly at me in the darkness. "Darling, do get dressed, get out of bed, come and meet everybody."

So she hadn't forgotten.

"Well, what's up?" A few minutes later, she bent her head down to mine again. "You coming?"

And she fled back to her guests.

It doesn't seem to make any difference to me. I stride through the room, thinking about many things, but mostly about my story:

"She is walking alongside the city park, waiting for someone, with a feeling of great pain, deep suffering, immense regret. . . ."

But I need an ending. Everything you write has to have an ending.

She hadn't forgotten.

She sticks her head into my room again. This time she looks quickly around, to make sure there's no one here with me. Shutting the door behind her, she hurries to the window sill. She's all dressed up, and smells of happiness, good times, weddings.

Taking me by the hand, she stands there for a while, without words, facing me. My knees tremble again, and the same thing happens as before. Again I am amazed that everything about her is so much more sinful and sweeter than I had imagined it would be.

"Well, young fellow," the landlady wakes me with a low whisper.

And she flies back to her guests.

I look after her, suddenly realizing my misfortune.

Look here: this piece I've been writing is in very bad shape. There's no ending. I've been stuck at the same passage for more than a week. The story hasn't moved; she's still standing in the city park as the first snow falls. I have no idea what to write next.

Maybe it would be a good idea to go to her room now. "To go or not to go, that is the question."

Very possibly, if I do go and see her gang face to face, the ending will come to me.

I begin dressing, slowly and deliberately, deciding, once and for all, that I'm not going for my own sake, but for my story.

I have to go.

5.

THE HEAVY drape hung before the landlady's room, as usual. It was lively in there; you could hear the whisky-and-cake noise.

I bumped into two of the guests in the hall, one a very young man in an army uniform, the older man a civilian.

The soldier pulls the civilian aside to register a complaint.

"Listen, brother, I don't like it here. What did you drag me into?" He lets out a string of curses, ending with the word "Scum!" Then breaking free of the civilian's grasping hand, he leaves.

"He'll be back," someone consoles the civilian, "Don't you worry. He'll be back."

With mixed feelings, I slip my hand behind the drape and find the doorknob. I don't care for the civilian who has stayed on, and I like the young soldier who spat as he left. I gather that I'm not the only one in the same situation. That

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is to say, there are other honest people trapped like me.

But, once I open the door and see what a good time people are having in the brightly lit room, I forget both feelings.

The holiday lights, and the flowers, and the variety of food, and wine bottles tall and short, catch my eye. But the landlady is more beguiling than they—her eyes nod shiningly toward me, offering the protection of their long lashes.

She introduces me to her guests, holding my arm with her left hand, firm and warm, as though I were a rare object belonging to her. What does she want to use me for?

Two young women, shoulders and arms bared, gauge me with their eyes during the introductions. They smile envious congratulations at the landlady. "Excellent!" their eyes approve. "Where did you pick up this wonderful buy?"

They seem to know all about us. . . . The landlady must have been bragging. And, much as they guess, they suspect even more.

But I haven't the time for regrets—I'm too pleased with how all this is going to look in my story. There's no longer the slightest doubt in my mind that I was right to come; my piece would have been no good if I hadn't. It doesn't matter now that everybody here considers me one of them. For a brief moment I wonder what is going to happen.

THERE are a great many people in the room, many curious things are going on that a writer can't help observing with interest. For example, the civilian from the hall—he has the face of an ex-police chief—is far gone already, slobbering over the two women I'd been introduced to; however hard I look at them, all I can see is bare shoulders and backs.

Suddenly I grow frightened. Is someone calling me? But when I turn around, I see that the landlady is calling somebody else; she's just smiling at me.

Nodding just the slightest bit toward the three people standing near me, like the smart girl she is, she conveys her meaning: her affairs are progressing.

One of the three is a small, fat man with a yellow, well-combed beard. He's freshly shaven and all dressed up, like an elderly bridegroom at his second wedding. He keeps looking at the big cigar he's smoking with an expression that says: "I'm big and rich, too." He gestures with reserve, befitting a man who doesn't want to strain himself, talking carefully to the young people who sit facing him. Every new subject he introduces with: "Listen, comrades. Back home where I come from, in Deep Russia. . . ."

This must be the V.P., the one the landlady shouted about in her father's deaf ear: "1-2-3. What a man!"

Apparently, he's the hub of all the landlady's business, because she rarely steps away from his chair. Every once in a while she bends over to stroke his hand and smile, whispering nice things in his ear. She forces him to pay attention to her, with the constant reminder that what's really important is not the consignment of fats the two young men are selling him, but the landlady herself. He's getting her pretty face and fine figure very cheap.

My mind is occupied with the thought that I'll have to change the V.P. in my story. I don't like him—he's a little too short. But my thoughts are interrupted; somebody has been persistently ringing the hall bell, very hard and angrily.

The landlady runs out, half-frightened, to see who it is. When she returns, it's obvious she's been quarreling. "Nothing . . . just a neighbor, first floor front. A drunk . . . always beating his wife." She's angry. "He's not satisfied that I pay rent by the month. He'd have me pay for every extra guest. The devil with him! Krisman will be coming home soon. He's on the house committee."

When did the room become so noisy and jolly all at once? When did they finish their business?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The landlady drank with everybody at the table, first the whole company, then with each guest separately. She had to run out and see who was at the door and whether Krisman had come home yet. Krisman's room was empty, but she returned carrying the two mandolins and guitar from his wall.

Two women began strumming the mandolins.

A mouth opened and a throat burst into song.

A pair of lips parted for a kiss.

And voices quite naturally grew louder, everybody talking at once.

A drunk tried to show how steady his hand was. Much to his surprise, it didn't work, and a bottle of red wine spilled on the white tablecloth. It crashed into some glasses and broke a dish with a loud clatter. Everyone at the table began to feel that there was no more need for the decencies; they had been broken too.

Now everybody began drinking heavily, to spite their own bad manners. And of them all, I was the worst offender.

I was still sober after a couple of glasses, swallowed between my landlady's kisses. Each drink I prefaced with a toast: "To. . . ." What I meant was that I was drinking to the piece I was writing.

After the fourth or fifth glass I remembered that I was really toasting the successful completion of their affairs. I began to feel sad and nauseous. But after a few more drinks, I was seized with a peculiar happiness. The whole gang I was drinking with that I hated so because they were contemptible criminals were really not so terrifying after all, our new government was stronger than they, it would root them out . . . I would help . . . the new order and I. . . .

This it seemed to me was a very important and profound point: Life is nasty, but the new order is cleaning it out. There's tremendous joy in helping our government!

I pushed my way to the table. I wanted to make a speech about it. But it was impossible to quiet the crowd; by the time I reached the table, I forgot my speech.

So I went back to drinking with the landlady. I dragged her off to a corner and, shaking my fist in her face, shouted the whole speech in her ear.

"You know something," I pulled her toward me, "you know something, you're a . . . you and your whole gang, you're a . . . stable . . . that's what you are. We'll clean the stable out, that's what we'll do . . . stink and all. You won't get by us with that stink of yours. . . . Look, I'm not being nasty—I've written up everything that's going on here, for the proper authorities. . . . Here, just touch it. . . . Here it is, in my breast pocket."

Only, the landlady was drunk by now, and tore herself away from me, back to the table where she had something much more important to say to her friends than anything I might have to say to her. And then she stared in my direction with terror in her eyes, her whole body trembling, because on the table, between the candlesticks . . . someone had turned over a couple of bottles, breaking some more glasses.

The people at the table went round and round; the room turned, too.

The mandolins and guitar strummed harder, and somebody, pushing people and chairs aside, pulled off his jacket and started dancing.

Everybody began clapping, whistling, stamping. They got to their feet to stamp harder, urging the dancer on.

They were leaning over his feet in a circle, waving hands, pounding fists, rapping forks against glasses, pumping for him to leap higher, kick harder—when suddenly, very suddenly, the sound of knocking at the front door was heard. It had been going on for some time, and it was not just fists pounding, but something heavier and harder.

All at once it turned very quiet and everyone listened.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm not giving him any more money," shouted the landlady hysterically. "It's my neighbor!"

She ran into the hall and there bumped into Maskileyson, looking sleepy and pale in his underclothes. He was struggling with idiotic uncertain movements to open the door.

To the general astonishment, instead of the drunken neighbor, when the door opened a medium-sized man, oddly quiet and dry, appeared standing in the doorway. At first glance, he impressed one as dumb.

He seemed so pitifully helpless that he had to be followed about by four or five heavily armed Red Army men. Taking a small wallet out of his pocket, he identified himself.

It turned out he could talk, after all. "Everybody into the room!" he said, very smooth and dry. "Your papers!"

In my confusion, instead of my papers I take my write-up of the gang out of my breast pocket and hand it to him.

"I'm a writer," I said to him, proudly.

Coldly, he takes the papers from my hand. "Writer?" He looks at me and at the gang with indifference.

"Scum," he says.

6.

IT'S GRAY outside, early morning. They take us through cobblestoned streets to a jail at the other end of town. About a dozen of us, including three women. At the line-up, it turns out they've been after this gang for some time.

Depressed, the prisoners barely drag their feet. All but me. I'm terribly excited, and deeply interested, and very preoccupied. I'm amazed at the remarkable ending I've found for my story tonight. This is how it will go:

"Damp shadows cool with evening. Sleepy janitors, dragging their brooms over the sidewalks, stop sweeping to look at the prisoners being marched past them. The sun comes up late over the great city. Up on high, over tall, many-storied walls, triangular patches of sky gaze down at the city. They seem far higher and far bluer than usual. . . ."

But I am disturbed at the name the man who arrested us called the gang—me included.

I can't fathom it: really to be able to describe the gang, I had to spend at least one night with them. And yet we deserved that name.

Was I right, or not?

* * *

Several days have passed since my arrest.

I think I'll have to cut some parts out of my story. Like the part where the landlady has a change of heart and becomes a woman of suffering.

The pale, fat Maskileyson boy shares my cell. He keeps hanging around me. He's very depressed, and constantly asks about his diploma and the old student's cap that were taken away from him at the line-up.

"What do you think? Will they give them back to me? They won't take them away from me, will they?"

But I barely listen. I'm delighted with the remarkable end of my story.

That word, though, keeps running through my head.

"Scum!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LATEST SOVIET CENSUS & THE JEWS

MARK NEUWELD

THE FIRST census of the Soviet population to be taken since the war—exactly twenty years after the last census—was conducted from January 15 to January 29, 1959. It provides some basic demographic facts about the Jewish population in the Soviet Union, facts which have for many years remained within the realm of speculation.

The questionnaire itself was designed to get on record the full name and address of the respondent, and to elicit from him information classified under fifteen headings; these included the respondent's age, marital status, nationality, native language, citizenship, education, occupation, and class membership. For the benefit of Soviet citizens, the daily newspapers prominently printed the information that only oral answers from respondents were required—no documentary verification of anything said was needed. In addition, the press further emphasized that the census-taker was instructed to put down whatever information about nationality and native language the respondent gave precisely as he gave it. The nationality and the native language of children were to be specified by their parents.*

The results of the present census are being revealed slowly, notwithstanding the use of modern tabulating machines. (The results of the 1937 census were never published; they were considered "too counterrevolutionary.") Some preliminary data of the census under discussion, however, were published as early as May of last year, giving population figures by cities, provinces, and republics, and analyzing the urban-rural distribution.† On February 4 of this year, additional information was released, including data that pertained to marital status, education, age distribution, nationality, and native language.** The last two factors, those of nationality and native language, allow us to gain some valuable insights into the current status of the Jews in the Soviet Union.

As of January 15, 1959, the number of Jews in the USSR was 2,268,000—1.09 per cent of the total Soviet population. Twenty years previous, as taken January 17, 1939, the figure was 3,020,000, or 1.78 per cent of the total population. Thus, there are today 752,000 fewer Jews in the Soviet Union than there were twenty years ago.

MARK NEUWELD is at present a consultant to the American Jewish Committee on the state of the Jews behind the Iron Curtain. This report is his first contribution to COMMENTARY.

* A sample of the census form was reproduced in *Pravda*, May 7, 1958. The same issue also contained some information about the census-taking techniques. For a more elaborate discussion of the questions asked during the census see the article by Prof. V. N. Starovsky, Director of the Central Statistical Administration, *Pravda*, January 12, 1959 and February 5, 1960.

† *Pravda*, May 10, 1959.

** Figures pertaining to the current census were published in *Pravda*, February 4, 1960. Data pertaining to previous censuses are derived from: *Bolshaya Sovetskaya Entsiklopediya* (The Great Soviet Encyclopedia), 2nd ed. Moscow, 1957, vol. 50; Solomon M. Schwarz, *The Jews in the Soviet Union*, Syracuse, New York, 1951; Frank Lorimer, *The Population of the Soviet Union*, Geneva, 1946.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If, moreover, we consider the (estimated) 1,900,000 Jews who were added to the Soviet population from the annexed territories of Eastern Poland, the Baltic countries, Bessarabia, and Northern Bukovina, during the years 1939–41, then the figure would be about 2,652,000 fewer Jews in the Soviet Union today than existed in 1941.

As MENTIONED above, at the census-taking the respondent himself was to specify the nationality to which he (or she) belonged. The special emphasis which the Soviet press put on the voluntary character of the answer to this question (and to the question of native language as well) may have been meant to encourage citizens belonging to certain national minorities to identify themselves as Russians. Undoubtedly some Jews took advantage of this opportunity; possibly some of those who have inter-married have avoided identifying themselves as Jews, and they would almost certainly avoid calling their children Jews. But, even though no documentary verification of the answers was required, the prolonged conditioning of Soviet citizens makes it unlikely that many of them would have given information at variance with their internal identification passports. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that the official figure of 2,268,000 is a reasonably accurate one, and that the *total* number of Jews, including those who declared themselves otherwise, is not much over two and a half million.

It is notable that although the Jews constitute a mere one per cent of the total Soviet population, they occupy eleventh place in the numerical standing of some 108 national groups. It should also be observed that the numerical spread between the national groups occuping seventh to eleventh place is less than 700,000. The relative importance of Jews increases immeasurably, however, by the simple fact that so many of them are urban dwellers. From the ideological, economic, and social points of view, the importance of the Soviet urban population is far greater than that of the rural elements.

The data released so far give no urban-rural distribution by nationalities, but do present the urban-rural distribution for each republic. Since we know the figures for the nationality groups in each republic, it is possible to estimate, with reasonable accuracy, the number of urban dwellers by nationality. Such an estimate assumes that the ratio of urban dwellers in a given nationality equals the ratio of all the urban dwellers in a republic to which this nationality lends its name. In actuality, with the exception of the Russian Federation and the Ukraine, the ratio of urban dwellers within the indigenous nationality is certainly smaller than the corresponding percentage for the entire republic.

Even at the most conservative estimate, at least 90 per cent of the Jewish population, or slightly over two million, live in the cities. (The figure for 1939 was 87 per cent.) Thus, only the Russians and Ukrainians, and possibly the Byelorussians and Tartars, rank higher than the Jews as the most urbanized group among the Soviet nationalities. The figures on occupational and educational status, when they are published for each nationality group, will beyond doubt further support the contention that the relative importance of Jews in the Soviet Union is far greater than their mere numbers suggest. It has already been revealed that about 11 per cent of all Soviet scientists are Jews.

The distribution of the Jewish population according to republics is shown in the following table.

Republic	No. of Jews in thousands	% of Jews in total population	Numerical rank	% of Jews in total Jewish pop
Russian Feder.	875	0.7	7	38.1
Ukraine	840	2.0	3	37.4
Byelorussia	150	1.9	4/5	7.0
Moldavia	95	3.3	5	4.2
Uzbekistan	94	1.2	8	4.2
Georgia	52	1.3	9	2.3
Latvia	37	1.7	5	1.7
Lithuania	25	0.9	5	1.1
Estonia	5	0.5	6	0.2
total	2,173	1.09	11	96.2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The discrepancy between the previously cited total of 2,268,000 Jews and the total of 2,173,000 as shown in the table, is explained by the fact that no figures for Jews were given for several republics; their numbers were evidently considered too negligible, in relation to other nationalities, for inclusion. These 95,000 Jews live in six republics, four of which are located in Central Asia and two in Trans-Caucasia. In none of these republics, with the likely exception of Azerbaidzhan (the city of Baku), does the number of Jews exceed 25,000.

AN INTERESTING light is cast by these data on the changes in territorial distribution of the Jewish population. In the first place, the data confirm the known fact that the greatest losses among the Jewish population occurred in the occupied territories of the Ukraine and Byelorussia. The Ukraine is typical. In 1939, 1,533,000 Jews, or 50.8 per cent of the total Jewish population, lived there; now the Ukraine has only 840,000 or 37.4 per cent of Soviet Jewry.

Due in part to these losses, the geographical center of the Jewish population has shifted eastward: at the present time, 38.1 per cent of Soviet Jews live in the Russian Federation; twenty years ago, the Federation contained only 31.4 per cent. Furthermore, although no nationality figure was given for the provinces, it is also true that many Jews moved—with, incidentally, millions of Slavs—from the European regions of the Russian Federation to the Urals, Siberia, and the Far East.

A third conclusion to be drawn from the distribution shown in the table concerns Jews in the non-Slavic republics. The republics of Uzbekistan and Georgia are the only ones in which the number of Jews has increased, in both absolute and relative terms, yet the increment there has been exceedingly small. It is somewhat surprising, in fact, to find so very few Jews in the region of Central Asia, which was one of the main centers of the wartime evacuation. It may be that most of the Jewish evacuees returned to Europe; or perhaps other factors, not easily explicable, are responsible for this situation. In any event, the small number of Jews in the non-Slavic republics throws a dubious light on statements made repeatedly by Soviet leaders, to the effect that as the national cadres in those territories come of age educationally and professionally, they naturally tend to replace the allegedly many Jews in positions of responsibility. Even if *all* the adult Jews were members of the intelligentsia, their small numbers are virtually meaningless in the competition for good jobs—especially since the number of important posts has increased steadily as a result of the growing industrialization. The Soviet leaders are right in stating that the native intelligensia desires the more important positions; what they fail to add is that this desire is frustrated by the Russians themselves. It is the Russians who are the masters in those areas, monopolizing the strategically crucial positions.

Finally, the peculiar situation in Birobidzhan deserves special attention. The entire population of this province (no nationality distribution is available) has increased in the last twenty years from 108,000 to 163,000, or by about one-half. The population of the city of Birobidzhan has increased from 30,000 to 41,000, or by about one-third. This increase is markedly lower than the figure of 70 per cent for the population of the entire Far East over the same period —an eloquent testimony to the low priority that the Soviet leaders have assigned to the development of the "Jewish home" in Birobidzhan.

Translated literally from the Russian, the term "native language" also means "one's own language." In Soviet usage, this concept not only implies a language acquired in early childhood, but also a language to some extent currently used by the speaker. The Soviet press, which was careful to instruct its readers about many other questions asked by the census-takers (for example, a person nineteen years and eleven months old was reminded that he should give his age as nineteen and not twenty), did not discuss the official definition of "na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive language." (It is possible that instructions as to the exact meaning of this phrase were given to the census-takers.) Although our knowledge of how the respondents understood this term is somewhat obscure, the fact remains that 472,000 Jews, or 20.8 per cent of the total, gave Yiddish as their native language.

Compare this with 70.4 per cent who named Yiddish as their native tongue in the census of December 1926. The census of 1939 was silent on this subject; all that an authoritative Soviet source had to say was that ". . . Yiddish is the language of a certain part of the Jewish population in the Soviet Union."* It is of interest to note that the other nationalities about whose native language no data were released in 1939 were the Poles, Germans, Greeks, Czechs, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Koreans, Chinese, Persians, and Arabs. All of these groups have in common the fact that most of their co-nationals live outside Soviet frontiers and that in the eyes of the Soviet leadership they are tainted with the "cosmopolitan virus."

On the basis of a series of computations, which are too lengthy to be discussed here, it is possible to deduce that only a very small proportion of these groups did give the language of their nationality as their native tongue. Whether the low figures for native language of these nationalities reflect accurately the then existing situation, or whether they are a result of official pressures, is a matter of conjecture. Although there is no way of proving it on the basis of the official data, the number of Jews who gave Yiddish as their native tongue may well have been lower in 1939 than in 1959, however paradoxical this conclusion appears.

Of all the national groups who specified in 1959 that their native language was the language of the nationality to which they belonged, the Jews with 20 per cent represent the lowest figure. The Poles come next with 45 per cent, the Gypsies with 59 per cent, and then the Germans with 75 per cent. The corresponding figure among all the major "purely Soviet" nationalities is 78 per cent and up, and in most cases, it is in the nineties. These figures confirm the obvious; Russification pressures are greatest among peoples who live among other major national groups and especially in the cities.

YET it is remarkable that despite the absence of any officially approved outlets for the cultivation of the Yiddish language, and in the face of pressures both political and social, almost half a million Jews declared Yiddish to be their native tongue. That most of them are probably elderly need not diminish the significance of this situation. Against this background, the assertions of the Soviet leaders and of their Western apologists that not enough interest in Yiddish exists to justify the publication of Yiddish books and newspapers, and the work of Yiddish theaters and perhaps also of Yiddish schools, simply appear ridiculous.

Our analysis deals with the living population, but the dead must not be forgotten. The figures released by the Soviet government provide a new basis for an attempt to estimate, however crudely, the losses suffered by the Jewish population during the war. The computations involved will not be described here, but the figure finally arrived at is that 1,345,000 Soviet Jews were killed during the war, and if the Jews from annexed territories are considered, then the figure rises to 2,945,000. But to appreciate the magnitude of the disaster, it is also necessary to estimate the numbers of those who might have been born were it not for the war. The estimated deficit among the Soviet Jews is 1,412,000, and if those from the annexed territories are included, then the deficit reaches the astronomic figure of 3,692,000.

The fact is, however, that with all the devastation, over two and a quarter million Jews still live in the Soviet Union, constituting one of its largest national groups. Considering their predominantly urban character and their social and occupational status, the Jews must be ranked among the most important nationalities in the USSR.

* *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, 2nd ed. 1957, vol. 50, p. 114.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON PUERTO RICO

(1) And the Lion Shall Lie Down with the Lamb . . .

WHEN Mr. Kazin's piece on Puerto Rico [February] was reprinted in the local English-language daily, violent letters filled the columns; mine was among the most indignant because I felt Kazin had behaved shabbily during his stay, giving small value and leaving much ill-will, and because I thought his article a blend of conceit and truculent provincialism, a proportion I had observed in the man before seeing it demonstrated in the article. Some weeks have passed. My feelings are less strong; my reactions are, I hope, more relevant.

I came to Puerto Rico nearly two years ago and fell in love with the island on a very simple basis: it seemed to be a beautiful, kind, and generous place in which to live and work. Yet, as sunlit day followed sunlit day, I too grew disaffected; in six months I was at much the same point as Mr. Kazin was within a few hours of his arrival. Indeed, when he came, he had the dubious benefit of some of my complaints. When we talked about local culture, I told him the story of the poor fish in Community Education who wanted to start up passion plays to give the *jibaros* in the mountains a sense of community culture; I bitched about Puerto Rican touchiness and manners; counted off on my fingers the small number of first-class minds; dwelled unhappily on the absence of self-irony among Puerto Rican intellectuals; expressed my horror at the noise (though *not* the dirt), the unpunctuality, and even the docility of the "natives." But after a while, I saw through my first impressions; and I think Kazin should have.

Rather than answer him point by point, I would like to point out certain values in this society that I admire, and fears that I have for it that appal me: values and problems that Mr. Kazin did not see and that extend beyond this island, or would not be worth mentioning.

Highest among these values I place these three: that this is a *human* society, a *personal* society, and a *free* society. It is a human society because human values predominate over other values; a personal society because everyone knows everyone; and a free society because it is my opinion that a society that judges a man by what he is, by the movement of his hands and his mind and his heart and seeks him out to make sure that what he was quoted as saying is true according to his human measure, is sure to be a free society.

The family underlies all this, which is a firm unit still, in which grandmothers are not put out to pasture in nursing homes and awkward, drinking uncles can be sure of a meal and a squalling child can soak the costliest fabrics and not a tear be shed. What is proper to life is proper to the society; lacking is guilt. What belongs to life is close and noisy, weddings, births, and women's lunches; so is what belongs to death, and the show need not go on, for a while. He who is born, or who marries, or who dies, is someone you know.

Knowing everyone, or raising human values over intellectual values, does not mean that life becomes small-town cozy. Just knowing someone is meaningless; respect is earned. But it is earned through personal awareness: a man's position or profession is not himself.

Nor is a society liberal because it is human. But prejudice is propaganda and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propaganda falters before direct contact. Humanity encompasses many forms of being and knowing. Puerto Rico is not much alarmed by any of them. It has a Hispanic liking for the *loco;* its titles of respect are *poéta* or *filósofo*. The time to worry is when the middle classes start bringing their children to the barbershop to be shorn close and hideous like all the other little middle class boys. That time is now.

Then I respect, too, the enormous *concern* Puerto Ricans have, for themselves and their society, and the way all share in that concern. After all, if there were only human values in this society, one could accuse it of laissez-faire and docility: life is life and to be accepted. But when you see a family span, in one generation, illiteracy and a household of university graduates, some leavening must be there, and not too much gentleness.

As FOR *la culture indigène,* it is a complex structure; its inspiration is different from Haiti's or Russia's, but then why should it be the same? It is often expressive of its own society, torn between its dual status as Spanish legatee and American satrapy; its culture doesn't really come out in art, just as its history (of the lack of which Mr. Kazin complains) does not come out in a *sense* of history. The society is too pressed by the present and all thought propels it into the future. History and culture are both *personal* here; the one is remembered, the other lived. Most Americans who come here take up too much space with their own history and their own culture; around them, or around Mr. Kazin, there is not much room left.

Puerto Rico is not so docile as to swallow all things American. It is curiously selective, acquisitive of the surface of American life and deprecatory of the deeper values. I think this selectivity is made by the vision of what stands behind what the United States offers, which any Puerto Rican can see when he visits the hospitable city of New York: a Puerto Rican can still choose *not* to be one of the varicosed Bermuda'd monsters that wander about in the sun like so many ships looking for a bottle. Fair warning is given. Still, in spite of the impression Mr. Kazin gives, much does get done that docility does not impede, but in a different way. Puerto Rico does not have the organizational foothold that activity does in the United States, and that is its saving grace, for because of this, things do not get done *only* by organzational momentum, by managerial impetus.

These are good things, but will they last? I find these values sorely pressed by some of the very factors Mr. Kazin felt the lack of. Perhaps once economic progress is achieved, and has become all that there is, there will not be much left in the way of men, acting as men, to enjoy it. And as this progress produces a middle class explosion, it is quite possible that middle class values will come to dominate the revolution, the false values of money, selfishness, and prejudice. Also, as this revolution is ever more closely tied to other, more powerful cultures, there may be little left here that a man might call his own; and if this is so, the man who is in rebellion against this will find himself an outsider, with no cause to defend save the sterile position of archaic national values. And finally, if all this constitutes a Puerto Rican "problem," where and how is a human being to find the serenity in which to devise a philosophy to cope with it?

These are not peculiarly Puerto Rican problems. Next to them, next to the heartache of finding a place in this new world for what one holds most dear, one's momentary irritation with the sun and sloth, with gentleness and pride, should be as nothing. Let the lion lie down with the lamb: much may come of the peaceable kingdom.

KEITH BOTSFORD

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

(2) Forty-one Errors

I AM listing a number of points that Mr. Kazin must have invented. Beneath each one I have indicated the reality he is probably referring to. His sweeping generalities are more difficult to refute than specific points. By and large, though, they are the generalizations of a man who never really left his home in the States. According to Mr. Kazin, Puerto Rico has no values, except the dubious one of illustrating what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"colonialism" might do to people who live in the tropics. In reality, "colonialism" has done nothing here that a few good meals and a few acres of arable land couldn't cure.

1. The ice cream truck plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb," not Brahms's "Lullaby."

2. Puerto Ricans *like* tasteless ice cream.

3. The only rows of identical pink and blue stucco houses in Puerto Rico existed in Mr. Kazin's mind. Even in large housing projects, where the law requires a master plan, the houses are painted different colors and face different directions. After a year, there is not a single house in a single development that looks the same. One of the basic drives of a Puerto Rican is individuality, and he will so alter his new house that it will be made unrecognizable from year to year.

4. Time is not any longer here than it is anywhere else.

5. The fields are *never* garbage-strewn. Puerto Ricans pride themselves on their clean island.

6. The 65th Infantry Road does not lead to the airport. Mr. Kazin lived on North Avenue, though he evidently never got that straight. He also never learned Spanish, though he cries out against the Spanish-speaking population that doesn't learn English.

7. The heat may "clamp you around the back and the chest," but weren't the trade winds deliciously cool each day?

8. Manhattan, too, gives numbers to its streets and houses. How odd that San Juan should follow the same custom.

9. Mr. Kazin failed to remark that the "brown-faced men and women . . . going to work" had no work to go to ten years ago.

10. I can understand the "curious stillness" Mr. Kazin found among Puerto Ricans. I attended his lectures and, despite the fact that my English is fairly presentable, I never got up the courage to stand up and suggest something to this determined and infinitely knowledgeable instructor. Besides, his pronunciation of English was unintelligible more times than not.

11. Juvenile violence is new to Puerto Rico, but not because the youngsters bring it with them when they return from the States. I suggest that the growth of any big city, including San Juan, sows seeds of violence.

12. Not all Americans "bark questions in the language they do not know and no longer even pretend to know." Some Americans speak mildly, and some Puerto Ricans (every high school graduate) pretend to know enough English to get by.

13. What is "Step'n Fetchit sloth"?

14. Some Puerto Rican drivers do speed, and others sometimes drive without their entire families. Especially the ones that drive to work.

15. Supermarkets have cashiers who really do speak English. Besides Grand Union, there is also Pueblo, Co-op and a number of other local supermarket chains.

16. I'm sure the student quoted by Mr. Kazin received little help in his class. At least it's obvious that no sympathy was wasted on him.

17. What can one say in answer to the statement that Puerto Ricans are "the submerged colonial mass incarnate." Come now!

18. There is no racism and little of "the bush" in Puerto Rico.

19. The purely white areas (yes, there are one or two) also have breast-feeding patterns.

20. The boy with the coconuts might also move into a factory, open a store, write a book, or murder a man. It all depends on the opportunities.

21. The Puerto Ricans do live on an island, but they are also the hosts for more than 8,000 representatives of underdeveloped countries who come here to see how it's done.

22. Richard Morse, too, spent less than six months closeted in the university here.

23. There is still a difference between "the spontaneous spirit of organization and economic thrift" and a cultural tradition, although Mr. Kazin seems to feel the latter impossible without the former. He seems to be looking for cultural traditions as evidenced by significant class differences, something Puerto Rico does not share with the United States. Puerto Rico seems as organized as it needs to be. Don't forget that, aside from Venezuela which has oil, it leads Latin America in living standards.

24. In looking for a "positive ideal . . . for which they seek expression and fulfillment," Mr. Kazin has missed the boat. There are few fanatics here, great love, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a concern for something once known as "Christian humility."

25. "Puerto Ricans are often as illiterate in Spanish as they remain in English," says Kazin. Which language would his children be illiterate in if they too went to school in East Harlem?

26. Puerto Rican soldiers left the island to fly straight to Korea. When could they have found time to learn English? Besides, I'm sure Wakefield exaggerates. Many Puerto Rican soldiers must have spoken English. The casualties they suffered were due to the dangerous assignments handed to them.

27. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who is now here and will take a new university seat here next year, happens to speak highly of the same university students that Kazin berates.

28. Muñoz Marín is far from a father. He is an active politician who is currently fighting tooth and nail to retain his power against the growing popularity of Ferre, another politician who heads the Statehood party. But, then again, Ferre may be a father too.

29. Which Republican has "repeatedly expressed contempt for Puerto Rico and all its works"?

30. If Puerto Rico's experience had been one of "dependency" it would have drowned in starvation long ago.

31. How can an island that measures a hundred by thirty miles and holds two-and-a-half million people lack unity?

32. The "hideous economy flight" is also heavily traveled by tourists.

33. Cars also carry Commonwealth and Independence stickers.

34. Statehood is far from inconceivable. Last month, 75,000 *jibaros* turned up to hear Ferre speak at a statehood rally.

35. If Puerto Rico, as a nation, is powerless, how explain the laudable picketing and opposition that met the House Un-American Activities Committee? Not even organizations in the States were powerful enough to muster a protest like this one.

36. Do all American businessmen have no culture?

37. Liquor from the Virgin Islands to be consumed in Puerto Rico is taxed.

38. An island with 15 per cent of its labor force unemployed is not exactly a "perpetual New Year's Eve party."

39. Castaner is a Puerto Rican project currently employing Nathan Leopold.

40. "Wonderful Spanish Loyalist scholars"?

41. Americans have lost their mark "to shoot at" long before they get to Puerto Rico. But some Americans also come to enjoy the climate and raise their children. Others, like Mr. Kazin, may come to teach at the University.

STAN SILVER

Santurce, Puerto Rico

(3) Mr. Kazin Replies

SHORTLY after my impressions of Puerto Rico appeared in this magazine, I gave the new English-language daily on the island, the San Juan *Star,* permission to reprint the article. The editors surely did not ask for it in order to offend their readers; no doubt they thought it merely "controversial." But as soon as the first installment appeared, a wave of outraged letters hit the paper. The editors, who were now on the spot for having taken the article, turned self-righteous. The next day, in addition to columns of vituperative letters, there was an editorial denouncing me, and a special columnist was brought in to explain the origins in background and character that had led to my unheard-of deed. Day after day the attacks continued. When one lone correspondent wrote in to say that he agreed with my general evaluation of what the chief Puerto Rican problems were, and that yes, he had seen garbage in the fields and that I had actually underestimated the number of times the maddening ice-cream wagon went up and down *his* street, the poor man found himself denounced in a rival newspaper as well!

One of the most vicious letters was a wholly personal attack on me by Mr. Keith Botsford, a young instructor at the University—a letter so blindly emotional that apparently he himself now regrets writing it. I am glad to hear of the pleasure he takes now in Puerto Rico and of his affection and respect for its people. I share them. Mr. Botsford has written two letters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about my article—one was entirely about me, and the other, as it were, is about himself. Since the subject of my article was Puerto Rico, I leave it to others to judge Mr. Botsford's personal motives for these attacks and whether my integrity as a teacher needs defending.

After reading Mr. Silver's list of my various "errors," crimes, and misdemeanors, I made the following mental speech:

Gentlemen and Visiting Professors: never criticize anything about Puerto Rico. For if you do, you will discover that you can't pronounce English words, that your lectures were terrible, that you "berated" your students, that you are an intellectual, and that you are unfeeling about the unemployed. *Don't* say that the September heat in Rio Piedras is stultifying; what about the Scottsboro boys? *Don't* say (in reference to your expressed hope that Puerto Ricans will take full advantage of their American citizenship and not just suffer it), that the greatest pride of J. Robert Oppenheimer's father was in being an American citizen; J. Robert Oppenheimer is coming to the University of Puerto Rico! *Don't* say that American businessmen on expense account jaunts to Puerto Rico are soft and gross and drink too much; you are insulting somebody, probably the natives! *Don't* report what Puerto Rican writers and intellectuals said to you time and again at the university about the difficulties and contradictions of a colonial culture; Mr. Silver knows what every ice-cream wagon plays all over Puerto Rico!

Errors? "Forty-one Errors"? Mr. Silver obviously thinks that the real error is for a writer to publish any piece of personal reportage, any essay warmly communicating personal impressions, feelings, difficulties in a new country. Unfortunately, Mr. Silver on specific points is either irrelevant or trivial. It is typical of the kind of attack that my essay on Puerto Rico calls up that Mr. Silver should tell me that I lived on North Avenue when I lived on a street that had no name at all, and that I, who had to gaze at the damned things from my window day after day, should be told that "the fields are *never* garbage-strewn."

Since Mr. Silver has so angrily missed the point I made in referring to Oppenheimer *père*, I am not surprised at his informing me that Nathan Leopold works at Castaner. Relevance? Actually, all my information about its medical services comes from Leopold. His point about the boy with the coconuts I follow—but what has it to do with my original reference? The famous Republican leader who "repeatedly expressed contempt for Puerto Rico and all its works" did so in a private interview with an editor; I am not privileged to give his name, but I can assure Mr. Silver that he exists—and that I detest his opinions. The Dean of the College of Humanities was a Spanish Loyalist; there are others. When I said that the excellent Muñoz Marín was "fatherly," I was describing the paternalistic influence of the Puerto Rican elite; Mr. Silver heavily explains that the Governor's political rival, Ferre, "may be a father, too." Devastating! I described the "war of stickers" myself; of course the "hideous economy flight" is traveled by tourists—my point was that it shows disrespect for the main group of passengers, the Puerto Ricans themselves, as they go back and forth. How has Mr. Silver answered me?

For the rest, may I say that I know Brahms's "Lullaby" when I hear it. And while I should have said "the highway to the airport" instead of the 65th Infantry Road, the two highways *are* connected by a country road, and there are signs all along the 65th Infantry Road showing "the way to the airport."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS FROM READERS

The Oberammergau Passion

To the Editor of Commentary:

Robert Gorham Davis's article in the March issue of Commentary on the Passion Play at Oberammergau flagrantly displays prejudice against the Catholic Church.

The story of the Passion of Christ is historical. You can no more blot out this historical fact than can the outrageous massacre of the Jews by Hitler be blotted out.

Let us respect each other's beliefs. It is adult to face reality.

M. B. Guinan

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of Commentary:

Robert Gorham Davis has shown us that the Oberammergau Passion Play is even more anti-Semitic than the Gospel texts on which it is based. But he admits that even in the Gospels the passion is vilely and lyingly anti-Semitic. Surely we all want to continue passion plays; they are so colorful. But would someone tell us how to construct a passion play that has anything to do with the recorded crucifixion story, and is nevertheless *not* anti-Semitic?

Francis B. Randall

New York City

Mr. Davis *writes:*

The fact of Christ's passion is historical, but the accounts and interpretations of it differ, even in the four Gospels themselves. To be gravely concerned with the way in which the presentation of past history affects present history is not to be anti-Catholic, for the Catholic Church has given much thought to this matter, especially since the rise of Hitler. In 1943 P. S. Hurley wrote that the Church, "following St. Paul, has never accepted the theory of a sort of theological curse laid on the whole nation in consequence of its historic act. . . . To the question who crucified Jesus, the Catholic answer is: 'I did, and so did every man who ever sinned.'" This teaching was not adequately brought out in the Oberammergau Passion Play. That my criticism was not unjustified is suggested by reports from Oberammergau that the text of the play is now being subjected to careful review and substantial revision, under ecclesiastical direction, in order to remove offensive passages.

Mr. Randall is flippant, of course; his adverbs are not my adverbs. What is in question is not actually anti-Semitism, for Jesus and his followers were Semites, but the intimate, difficult relationship between Christianity and the monotheistic ethical Judaism from which it sprang, a Judaism which refused during so many centuries to turn Christian. This relationship becomes an urgent matter when it gets tied in with political and social anti-Semitism. I suggest that Mr. Randall see the play "Between Two Thieves" and that he read A. Roy Eckardt's excellent study, *Christianity and the Children of Israel.*

Collective Bargaining

To the Editor of Commentary:

"The Subversion of Collective Bargaining" by Daniel Bell [March] calls attention to important concepts too often overlooked or misunderstood in our industrial economy. He clearly demonstrates that the unorganized worker and the pensioner are the real losers in the present collective bargaining process.

Mr. Bell suggests that the last historic step remains to be taken by the unions—"a true annual wage." In pressing this laudable objective I am afraid that he overstates the case for the salaried worker. . . . The fact is that the non-executive salaried worker—typist, clerk, bookkeeper—is not well paid. In fact, the wage studies have constantly revealed that both the actual hourly rate and per annum gross earnings for the blue-collar worker exceeds that of the white-collar worker in almost any industrial plant.

The reader should understand that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white-collar worker needs the advantages of collective bargaining.

I. F. FRIEDMAN

Fort Wayne, Indiana

MR. BELL *writes:*

Mr. Friedman may be right regarding the wage gains that the white-collar worker may gain by organization, but I was not talking so much about the *amount* of wages as the *method* of wage payment. A blue-collar worker, paid by the piece or by the hour, is thus a commodity, and while a salaried worker may ofttimes receive less than a blue-collar worker, the *way* he is paid—a bookkeeper does not have to post a consistent hundred entries per hour—reflects an important symbolic difference.

Labor Unions and the Negro

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Herbert Hill may be entitled to the last word in the controversy he stirred with his article . . . but I think it thoroughly inexcusable for him to end the colloquy with Harry Fleischman and Emanuel Muravchik with a charge that they were apologists for racists. Can anybody read their letters in the April issue of COMMENTARY, let alone be familiar with their records, and agree with Hill in saying that they "would do well if they ceased apologizing for racists within the AFL-CIO and instead joined with Negro workers and with the NAACP in attacking directly . . . discrimination."

As a friend and fellow worker of all three men, I cannot let this charge go unchallenged. Fleischman and Muravchik are *not* apologists for racists, and they *have* joined with all decent elements in "attacking directly" racial discrimination and bigotry wherever it exists. Hill's rejoinder proves exactly what they said, that he has lost all perspective in this difficult area.

HYMAN H. BOOKBINDER
Legislative Representative
AFL-CIO
Washington, D. C.

More on Goodman

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Goodman's article in the February issue struck a very responsive chord with me, even though I suspect I would disagree strongly with some of his assumptions and standards. I talk to many New York City young people, and among them last year were high school youngsters in the middle of the episodes on the lower East Side which set off the annual August headlines about delinquency. The conversation always followed a pattern. "Why does it happen?" "We got nothing to do in the summer; we're bored." "What would you like to do?" "Go to the movies, to the park, to Coney Island, but it takes money." "What *do* you do?" And the sterile pattern comes out—hang around certain corners or housing project outdoor benches during the day; and go to dances that are provided *every night*—by the city, by settlement houses, by churches. . . . Additional recreation is not what these young people people want or need; they are just conditioned by the adult world to the idea that more recreation would mean less trouble—and the frequency with which trouble initiates at dances ought long ago to have demolished that myth. . . .

We have experimented for two summers with employment of 100 to 150 teen-agers from high delinquency areas. . . . As a delinquency prevention measure . . . it seems to work—our $10-per-week employees all stayed out of trouble. . . .

We learned one thing that supports Mr. Goodman's thesis: on the occasions we tried what were essentially "made work" jobs, the young people understood this immediately and lost all interest. . . .

I would settle right now for much less than Mr. Goodman's sweeping social criticism. I would settle for a social order in which employers, legislators, unions, and schools all recognized the need for young people to begin tasting adult work responsibilities as soon as they are physically capable of it—and provided for it—rather than our present system which assumes that outside school hours children will be content with some version of the playground until the magic age of eighteen suddenly makes them capable of holding a job.

DAVID W. BARRY
Executive Director
New York City Mission Society
New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor of Commentary:

By locating the mounting tensions in today's youth in the general disintegration and dehumanization of our society, Mr. Goodman's essay rises above the mediocre treatment usually given this subject as a "special" problem of a minority of delinquents...

Marian A. Pearl
Associate Editor
Contemporary Issues
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

The message Paul Goodman conveys . . . is perhaps the most important and fresh recent insight into the problems of our youth and our "beaten" society. It is a real pity that this report could not have been constructed more rigorously and have been phrased in easily readable, concise, grammatically sound—just plain good—English....

Andrea O. Cohen
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Qualified investigators—anthropologists, psychiatrists, psychologists and sociologists—with specialized training have been and are at work to find correlations and hopefully causal factors in regard to adolescents with social and emotional problems. . . . Mr. Goodman's theory, which appears to be uni-causal, connects all lack of constructive behavior of youth to the individual's relation to his work role in an urban society. While this may be so, there is no evidence forthcoming in support of his assumptions....

Why is it that we expect the medical profession to base their diagnosis and treatment of physical diseases on the findings of research whereas diagnosis and treatment of emotional and social problems may be attempted without regard to a validation of underlying assumptions? Is it that every one may consider himself a "social therapist" just on a hunch?

Ellen B. Hill
Research Associate
New York City Teenage Study
American Social Health Association
New York City

[*Mr. Goodman's reply will appear in June.*]

Birth Control, Judaism, Public Policy

To the Editor of Commentary:

Kingsley Davis and Judith Blake [February] equate Judaism and the apparently dominant element in Protestant Christianity; but here is what the learned Ben-Azai recently said on the subject: ". . . Traditional Judaism completely bars the practice [of contraception], unless the wife's life would be endangered by a pregnancy, but for a very obvious reason, there are few leaders of Orthodoxy, whether religious or lay, who dare pronounce this publicly." (I understand that the newly appointed Rav of the Adath Yisroel is a signal exception.)

Robert E. Moore
Springfield, New Jersey

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. O'Gara and Mr. McKenna [March] imply that to spend public money on a policy to which the Catholic Church is in opposition would be unfair to Catholics, and perhaps it may. If so, why then should Catholics expect that public tax money be spent for the support of parochial and private schools, particularly Catholic schools? Catholic clergy and educators who expect citizens such as myself, who hold no interest in or derive any benefits from Catholic schools, to remain silent on *this* issue *indeed* have a strange concept of democracy!

Earl L. Dachslager
Baltimore, Maryland

The Idea of God

To the Editor of Commentary:

I would like to comment on a single crucial passage in Professor Hook's "Modern Knowledge and the Idea of God" [March]: "The finitude of the human intellect is no bar to adequate knowledge of other things [than the nature of God], even of things which are not finite. . . . Nor can our inability to describe God adequately flow from the presumed uniqueness of God because there are unique things in the world which we can describe adequately in terms that apply to other things."

Professor Hook leaves open the question whether there are not unique things which we cannot describe adequately, etc. . . . It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the consensus of most physicists that the Heisenberg principle of indeterminacy is an absolute blind alley. It is in the nature of things that the motion of subatomic particles cannot adequately be plotted. . . .

Gödel's Theorem has a wider bearing on Professor Hook's statement. . . . [And concerning it] P. W. Bridgman says in *Reflections of a Scientist:* "We here encounter a regress that has no logical end, and, humanly, ends in human weariness and the finite end of human life. . . . the human intelligence can never be sure of itself. . . ."

MAURICE SAMUEL

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor Sidney Hook is always fiercely logical and brooks no nonsense. . . . I enjoyed reading his article and happily subscribed to everything he said—until I came upon the following: "Tillich interprets religion as an expression of man's ultimate concern. God, therefore, can be defined as the object of man's ultimate concern. This means that there are as many Gods as there are objects of ultimate concern."

Not so. Paul Tillich's "Ultimate Concern" is one grandiloquent phrase which (a) points up the area where true religiosity dwells and (b) can be applied . . . in . . . separating the truly religious from the nonreligious. . . . Where man's concerns are many, they are not ultimate. . . .

Immediate concerns are divisive, ultimate concerns unify. . . . Somewhere inside the rarified world of Ultimate Concern is where God dwells. . . . However, you may not succeed in finding Him even there, but, this is where one must go when out on a safari of God hunting.

DAVID TABAK

Brooklyn, New York

MR. HOOK *writes:*

In reply to Mr. Samuels: I do not believe that the Heisenberg principle of indeterminancy, however interpreted, or Gödel's Theorem have any logical bearing upon the question of whether the human mind can have adequate knowledge of the nature of God. Whether knowledge is "adequate" or not depends upon the purpose and context of the knowledge we seek. The fact that I speak of the "finitude" of the human mind indicates that I do not believe it is omnipotent or omnicompetent. Intelligence is the only reliable judge of its own limitations. The crucial point in my argument against Father Copleston is that from the fact that the human mind is finite, it does not follow, except by arbitrary definitions, that we cannot have adequate knowledge of the existence of God. "Adequate," of course, must not be equated with "complete."

I have serious doubts about Bridgman's interpretation both of the indeterminancy principle of Gödel's Theorem. The inference he draws from Gödel's Theorem seems to be a philosophical commonplace widely accepted before Gödel. It is a consequence, for example, of Peirce's probabilism. The interpretation of Heisenberg's principle I have discussed in *Determinism and Modern Freedom.* I take the liberty of referring interested readers to that volume which also contains contributions by Bridgman. . . .

In reply to Mr. Tabak: Mr. Tabak's prose I find more difficult to understand than Professor Tillich's. It seems clear that human beings have concerns whether ultimate or not. One man's ultimate concern may not be another's. Consequently if God is defined as the object of man's ultimate concern, the objects may be different and Gods therefore plural. Theism has always appeared to me less credible than polytheism.

Further, it is false to say as Mr. Tabak does that all immediate concerns are divisive. And it is obvious that not all ultimate concerns unify, *vide,* the history of religion. After all, it would be rather presumptuous to suggest that either the religious orthodox or the religious heretics whom they zealously persecuted, or both, lacked ultimate concern because their concerns were divisive. If Mr. Tabak finds the logic too fierce, I am willing to settle for a pinch of common sense.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I believe that the best comment on Sidney Hook's recent article is found in a poem by George Meredith: "Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul/ When hot for certainties in this our life!"

M. H. LEVINE

Maryland State College
Princess Anne, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Views of Leslie Fiedler*

1. PAUL LEVINE: Meanwhile, Back at the Raft

For some time now critics have been so busy noting the decline of the American novel that they have completely missed the passing of American criticism. Certainly, the large-scale studies of American literature can be counted on the fingers of one hand—Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought,* Van Wyck Brooks's five-volume *Makers and Finders,* F. O. Matthiessen's *American Renaissance*—and all of these were products of the 1920's and 30's. Since World War II the critical vacuum has been filled by the academic journals ("The investigation of *Moby-Dick* might almost be said to have taken the place of whaling among the industries of New England," observed Harry Levin) and the literary quarterlies. Clearly, this is an example of sending a boy to do a man's job.

Main Currents, Makers and Finders, and *American Renaissance* were all attempts to interpret American culture from a political —and, essentially, a liberal—perspective. While it is always important to distinguish between Parrington's anti-genteel populism, Brooks's genteel radicalism, and Matthiessen's Marxist-influenced liberalism, it is just as important to remember the identity of their strategy. Each wrote from the point of view of a synthetic political framework and each succumbed to the kind of reductive criticism that syntheses often engender; their strategy was to reduce the work of art to the lowest common denominator of certain pre-conceived ideas.

Since Parrington was a historian and not what he mockingly called a "belletrist" perhaps he may be forgiven for treating literature as merely social document. Yet it is difficult to condone the uneasiness with which he confronted Hawthorne and Melville, and the sheer bias that led him to favor Philip Freneau. Brooks, too, let his political prejudices get the better of his judgment, declaring that Poe "was even outside the mainstream of the human tradition" while *Huck Finn* became "that paean to the inborn goodness of men, or the goodness of boys peculiarly as nature made them." Even the brilliantly conceived *American Renaissance* is, though informed by New Critical methods, not wholly free from a reductive political synthesis, particularly when Matthiessen attempted to prove that among the writers he considered "the one common denominator, uniting even Hawthorne and Whitman, was their devotion to the possibilities of democracy."

To this select list we may now add Leslie Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel.* In many ways, Mr. Fiedler is the logical successor to the critical tradition we have been discussing. His previous book, a re-appraisal of the liberal tradition called *An End to Innocence,* reflected the quandary of present-day liberalism and the distance it has traveled since Parrington's day. What *An End to Innocence* made clear was that political ideals were dead and that the "liberal" and "intellectual" (the terms were synonymous as I remember) might find some solace in psychology and sociology. Clearly, Jefferson was *out,* Freud was *in* and the last of the "liberal" interpreters became the first of the "heterosexual" critics. This point was established in a notorious essay called "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!" which, Fiedler later explained, was "an attempt to define a central American *mythos*

* Reviews of *Love and Death in the American Novel,* by Leslie A. Fiedler (Criterion, 603 pp., $8.50).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of love in which the lover is an outcast or orphan and the beloved a dark-skinned primitive male." From this kernel evolved Fiedler's new book.

Love and Death in the American Novel differs from its predecessors primarily in the concern of its synthesis: it attempts to "emphasize the neglected contexts of American fiction, largely depth psychological and anthropological, but sociological and formal as well." Fiedler finds that American literature is derived from the European novel at two levels. Our popular middlebrow literature, from *Charlotte Temple* through *Marjorie Morningstar,* stems from the Richardsonian "archetype" of the sentimental novel, *Clarissa.* Its subject is love and its treatment is a sentimentalized corruption of the "archetypal" situation of seduction. On the other hand, the great tradition in American fiction, from Charles Brockden Brown through Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, and Twain to Faulkner and Hemingway, grows out of the archetypal gothic novel, Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto.* It represents the flight from the stifling middlebrowism of female-dominated American society and "the search for an innocent substitute for adulterous passion and marriage alike."

> Is there not, our writers ask over and over, a sentimental relationship at once erotic and immaculate, a union which commits its participants neither to society nor sin—and yet one that is able to symbolize the union of the ego with the id, the thinking self with its rejected impulses?

In our novels the search inevitably ends in "impotence," "unconsummated incest," or in "innocent homosexuality."

THERE are, first of all, some things to be said in favor of Mr. Fiedler and his book. He has read widely, writes entertainingly (except for the irritating abuse of the exclamation point!), and is obviously an intelligent man. Moreover, his book is an ambitious attempt to come to grips with the problematical theme of love in the American novel. It contains useful information about many minor novels, tries to relate the American novel to contemporary developments in Europe, and has some stimulating things to say about the gothic aspects of our fiction. Then why is this such a depressingly bad job of criticism?

Mainly, I suspect, because it was written more to shock than to illuminate. Taking as his thesis a lumpy blend of Freudian symbolism, Jungian archetypes, and Lawrentian criticism (one wonders how Lawrence, who disagreed with Freud and disparaged Jung, would react to this), Fiedler proceeds to apply it literally and indiscriminately to literature. The result is a monstrous allegory of "dirty" Freudianism which ignores explicit values in favor of obscurantist and irrelevant ones. The consequence of the allegory is a criticism that is quantitative rather than qualitative, mechanical rather than stimulating, reductive rather than exploratory, and, ultimately, boring rather than shocking. In the Fiedlerian allegory *all* male friendship is "homoerotic," *all* familial love is "incestuous," and *agape* in general becomes *eros* in particular:

> The orthodox Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has yielded in art and the popular imagination to the baroque trinity, derived ultimately from Venus, Vulcan, and Cupid, and still, despite the new names of Mary, Joseph, and Jesus, what it always was: an archetypal representation of cuckold, mother, and son, the last degradation of fatherhood.

To make matters worse, Fiedler claims all literature as his province and thereby steps into several areas that are clearly beyond his range. For instance, he begins with an analysis of the courtly love tradition which he has borrowed (with acknowledgement) from C. S. Lewis's *The Allegory of Love* and to which he has added hints of homosexual hanky-panky. There is, of course, no proof that there ever was such a "thing" as courtly love and, in fact, some recent scholarship has strongly contested the whole notion. Surely, it seems unlikely that an intelligent reader like Fiedler could so completely miss the irony in Andreas Capallanus or pass so lightly over Andreas's conclusion: "No man through good deeds can please God so long as he serves in the service of love." The English novel seems to give Fiedler some trouble, also. He mistakes Richardson's Pamela for a "governess" (just before taking another critic to task for getting the plot of *Clarissa* wrong), misreads Fielding's *Tom Jones,* and calls *Clarissa* "a study of the ambiguities of motivation unequaled until Proust" (which makes one wonder what novels Fiedler has been reading).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN Fiedler returns to his native ground he creates out of American literature a world more gothic than any novel he describes. Clearly, he is indebted to D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* for his mythic framework. Lawrence, however, used the idyllic "love" between, say, Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook to underscore his main point: the search for a new psyche within a context of guilt and innocence. For Fiedler, on the other hand, the homosexual love *is* the point. It is as if, to borrow E. B. White's happy phrase, Fiedler had brought American literature down to earth—and then broken its arm. For he depicts a nightmarish realm landscaped by "Hawthorne's lifelong obsession with the subject [of incest]," by the "necrophiliac titillation" of Henry James, by the implied homosexuality of Dreiser, and by "the fear of full genitality and the desire for self-destruction which possesses" J. D. Salinger. No wonder he finds a literature in which Hawthorne "peoples his tales . . . with a succession of genital cripples"; in which "Strether [in James's *The Ambassadors*] represents the supreme attempt to make of the voyeur a hero and a moral guide"; in which Faulkner, in the scenes in *Sanctuary* where an impotent Popeye watches Temple Drake make love, "is projecting a brutal travesty of the American artist, helpless and fascinated before the fact of genital love"; and in which the long legs of a Nathanael West heroine are metamorphosed into "those improbable legs which America has bred onto the naturally short-legged female form to symbolize castrating power." After critical observations like these, mere inaccuracies (calling Eula Varner "the *femme fatale* as a small, fat girl," misdating Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, etc.) come as a kind of comic relief.

But perhaps a fuller analysis will make clear just how flagrant have been Fiedler's distortions of American fiction. "Here is," he writes with more insight than he realized, the *locus classicus* from *Uncle Tom's Cabin:*

> "Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they were dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.
>
> "O God, this is dreadful," he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand. . . . "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!" . . .
>
> The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious was the triumphant brightness of the face, that it checked even sobs of sorrow. . . .
>
> The bed was draped in white; and there, beneath the drooping angel-figure, lay a little form—sleeping never to awake!*

> If there seems [begins Fiedler's commentary] something grotesque in such a rigging of the scene, so naked a relish of the stiffening white body between the whiter sheets; if we find an especially queasy voyeurism in this insistence on entering the boudoirs of immature girls, it is perhaps . . . our post-Freudian imaginations. . . . The bed we know is the place of deflowering as well as dying, and in the bridal bed, a young girl, still virgin, dies to be replaced by the woman. . . . At least, so an age of innocence dreamed the event; they did not have to *understand* what they dreamed. With no sense of indecorum, they penetrated, behind Mrs. Stowe, the bedroom of the Pure Young Thing and participated in the kill.

The particular "post-Freudian imagination" described here is, of course, solely Fiedler's and it is Fiedler alone who "participates in the kill." What I am calling into question are not the uses of Freudian interpretation but its abuses.

R. P. Blackmur once warned:

> The worse evil of fanatic falsification—of arrogant irrationality and barbarism in all its forms—arises when a body of criticism is governed by an *idée fixe*, a really exaggerated heresy, when a notion of genuine but small scope is taken literally as of universal application. This is the body of tendentious criticism where, since something is assumed proved before the evidence is in, distortion, vitiation, and absolute assertion become supreme virtues.

No remark could more justly describe *Love and Death in the American Novel.* Fiedler's frantic search for a homosexual *mythos*

* I have quoted the passage from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* exactly as it appears in Fiedler's book, complete with his ellipses and his six textual errors. Mr. Fiedler failed to note that the last paragraph he quoted is from a new chapter and occurs some hours later.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smacks of a bizarre parody of the McCarthy witch hunts—certainly a sad and ironic note considering his essay on the late Senator. One wonders if the failure of love is unique in American fiction, as Fiedler claims, or if his methods would uncover a European literature more heterosexually vital. Already Fiedler has noted "a tradition of the pseudo-marriage of males, stretching from, say, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza through Leporello and Don Juan, Robinson Crusoe and Friday to Pickwick and Sam Weller." Shakespeare is mentioned as being possibly limp of wrist; what couldn't be done with Proust, Gide, Kafka, and Mann? Surely, even *Madame Bovary* and *Anna Karenina* reveal a less than "full genitality" in the handling of sexual matters. I suspect that Mr. Fiedler's work will serve as a model of critical tact long after Freud and Lawrence, Melville and Hawthorne are forgotten—and not until then.

2. *BENJAMIN DE MOTT: The Negative American*

NOT TO know and patronize the work of Leslie Fiedler argues yourself unknown. Men have made reputations simply by "standing up to" the critiques of sentimental liberalism that he printed mainly in COMMENTARY, later in *An End to Innocence*. A chapter of *Love and Death in the American Novel*, when delivered as a lecture, so outraged one audience that a listener rose and accused the lecturer of stealing his raincoat. The week before the book was published Robert Bly's magazine *The Sixties* sent out a flyer identifying Fiedler (among others) as an "old fogey." The original piece from which the present six hundred pages grew achieved remarkable notoriety as "muckraking irreverence." And in the years since it appeared Fiedler, though not yet called to any of the genuinely voluptuous chairs of American Literature, has consolidated his position as the most controversial professor of literature in America since Irving Babbitt.

That this enviable achievement owes as much to the man's literary manner as to his opinions cannot be doubted. And at first glance the manner seems to represent nothing more elevated than a desire not to be regarded as "an ordinary professor." Fiedler has been connected with Montana State University for nearly twenty years; his book is dedicated to one of his own teachers, William Ellery Leonard; he has served repeatedly in posts closed to most non-academic folk—Fulbright Lecturer, Gauss Seminarian, Kenyon Fellow, and the like; and he speaks with enthusiasm of the contributions that his own students have made to his work. Yet it is plain that he thinks of himself as "a practicing writer" first of all. He regularly flouts such professional conventions as Impersonality and Dignified Tone, and he obviously believes that his experience of life is valuable in itself. He finds matter for an essay not only in books, but, as indicated, in the political befuddlement of his friends or even, say, in his personal observation of the courtly manners of homosexuals. On occasion he tries his hand at a story and the result is not a neatly manicured tale of Faculty Club politics but a wild fable of sexuality marked by a motive of *épater le bourgeois*, and more appropriate to a half-starved young writer on 4th Street in Manhattan than to a man making good money in Missoula. If a novel comes to his hand for review that bears on any part of his own experience, as was the case with Philip Roth's story of love and libraries in Newark (Fiedler was brought up in that city), he begins his piece with lengthy personal memories. Unlike most academics, who avoid abusing any periodical that might print their work, Fiedler often beats one quarterly over the head with another. And even in the matter of promoting his own books his behavior differs considerably from the norm. The jacket of *Love and Death in the American Novel* has a glamor photograph of the author featuring an edge of a Kerouacian plaid shirt, a black tormented brow, and some agonized lower molars—the sort of picture you expect to find on an as-told-to book by a junkie.

The behavior and tendencies described are no doubt affected, but they can also be seen as direct consequences of the shift in the center of "living letters" in America that has occurred during the last forty years. At about the time Fiedler was born the critics and journalists who counted in this country functioned outside the academy, and, as was true of the early Van Wyck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brooks and Edmund Wilson, adopted postures of hostility toward it. The situation has altered considerably since then. The nonacademic literary journalist is almost extinct, and the majority of the serious writers of any kind who are outside the university is composed of men who began their careers with a bad book that sold well. But the memory of the original anti-academic stance of the literary insider, the man whose opinions about literature expressed a commitment different from that of the professor (who was presumed to read no new books, and who allowed all old books to become entangled in trivial questions of pedagogy and promotions), dies very hard. The writer who is victimized by it, as Fiedler is, feels obliged to dramatize himself; he goes to extreme lengths to demonstrate his courage and to establish (in defiance of the simple truth) that the literary community to which he belongs has little or nothing to do with the academy. The fantasy—for some writers it should really be called a necessary pose—is harmless in the case of the loudmouth whose only distinction is the completeness of his self-deception; in Fiedler's case it is regrettable. The gestures he makes in his fantasy have not only infuriated or bewildered more than one intelligent man, they have encouraged people to ignore the general bent of his criticism, or to regard it as in some sense the pure invention of an eccentric—a Freudian exhibitionist capable of amusing or shocking but unworthy of respect. And the latter position, though understandable, is mistaken.

FIEDLER is what is called a myth and archetype man—which is to say, his work rests on the assumption that a critic versed in Freud and Jung can reveal key symbolic themes, configurations, and myths in imaginative literature: items that do not disclose themselves fully to formalist or social critics. (These themes are considered to be worth looking for because they help to shape the meaning of the single work of art in which they are discovered, and because the method of their disguise by the writer is a clue to the realities of his inner experience, and because they point to truths of a culture that are the more potent by virtue of their repression.) The assumption is widely shared. There are at present a number of myth critics who, pursuing hints gleaned from the New Anthropology, have probed not only classical literature but (as in the case of John Speirs and C. L. Barber) Middle English romances and Shakespearean comedy. Mythicists have also looked into 18th- and 19th-century English fiction (an excellent result is the essay by Julian Moynahan on *Great Expectations* in the current *Essays in Criticism*). Theories of symbolic action in literature, and elsewhere, have been formulated by Kenneth Burke; Northrop Frye's definitions of archetypes are required reading in graduate seminars. As for American literature, at no time since the publication of D. H. Lawrence's *Studies,* a work controlled by a belief in the conscious or unconscious duplicity of our writers, have scholars been unaware of the fruitfulness of attempts to strike at the unconsciously held values of the classic American texts. And in recent years a series of eminent academicians—Harry Levin, Newton Arvin, Charles Feidelson, R. W. B. Lewis, Richard Chase, and many others—have sought in a variety of ways to define the key myths of our 19th-century literature, to reveal its absorption in problems of symbolist epistemology, or to seek clues to the inner experience of individual American writers by using the insights of depth psychology.

An opposition to these tendencies does exist, of course. At its silliest, it is voiced by people who, inclined to wriggle or blush when the word Freud is mentioned, cling to the hope that psychoanalysis is a racket. At its best, the opposition argues that the truths discovered by myth critics are indeed buried truths—patterns and configurations that do not force themselves upon the attention of the skilled reader as he makes his way through a text.

The loftiest dismissal of these charges is that of the gifted Frenchwoman Claude-Edmonde Magny who fifteen years ago, in *Les Sandales d'Empédocle,* made the most powerful claim for criticism that has yet been lodged—and did so with no one in mind except the writer who tries to reach beyond a single work or literary "period" in search of symbols and archetypes that figure from one generation to the next in the deepest life of a culture. Creative writers, said Magny, are as it were forced by their instincts to invent myths; the critic has no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real task except that of explaining and interpreting the myths in their linkages with each other. His purpose is to "effectuate the psychoanalysis of an epoch, to elucidate its profound preoccupations as they crop out in literary works." And because this purpose is more exalted than that of the individual artist, criticism must be ranked as a higher human activity than "creation."

FIEDLER does not mention Magny, but it is clear that one of his purposes is to elucidate profound (and hidden) preoccupations. His starting point is the observation that "Our great novelists, though experts on indignity and assault, on loneliness and terror, tend to avoid treating the passionate encounter of a man and a woman, which we expect at the center of a novel." Why so? Partly because these novelists inherited a hopelessly sentimentalized version of womankind that they could not develop and were powerless to challenge directly; partly because the very nature of the new society made it impossible to sustain a steady vision either of common life or of mature human relations. What replaces the passionate encounter of man and woman in our books? Faustian aspiration, gothic terror, social protest, adoration of the child, incestuous or homosexual relationships. How should the psychoanalyst of the epoch interpret the evasions and substitutions? He should see that the glossy, cheery, affirmative surface of American civilization is a deceit; he should understand that beneath this surface lies a wreckage of souls, generations of torment attributable to an incapacity to envisage the wholeness of a human being in any fashion not crippling either to physicality on the one hand or to intelligence on the other. What lesson is there in all this for the judicial critic of American books? Simply that these books can be overrated.

In developing this argument the critic uses a vocabulary that is not rigorously Freudian *or* Jungian. Viewing such items as the "pure" heroine and the "diabolical" lover, for example, he notes that almost from the beginnings of the novel the passionate encounter of man and woman symbolizes a social conflict—as between the bourgeois Clarissa and the aristocrat Lovelace. And as this example suggests, the argument of the book is substantiated by reference to other writers besides "our great novelists."

Indeed, the breadth of its reference is one of the surprises and delights *of Love and Death in the American Novel.* The early chapters summarize 11th-century and Renaissance versions of courtly love, the emergence of the heroic romance in France, the "rise of the novel" in 18th-century England, and the early German versions of the romantic hero—familiar stuff perhaps, but all too often Greek to the American Literature man. Thereafter Fiedler describes representative specimens of 19th-century American fiction which failed to transcend or accommodate themselves to the limitations of inherited social myth and existent social fact. At every point he draws attention to recently published analogues of these books, and he gives depth to all his observations by scrutinizing with uncommon patience the depressing ranges of popular fiction from Lippard to Wouk. An account of varied images of the perfect child begins with little Eva and ends in Kerouac. A shrewd analysis of the versions of the new "independent" woman that were produced by Simms leads on to Hawthorne (who confronted the new woman in *The Blithedale Romance* as well as in *The Scarlet Letter*), and Melville (who tried to reach the audience of "Dear Ladies" in *Pierre* and succeeded only in insulting it)—indeed it is dropped only after an inquiry into the fables of revenge on womankind which Fiedler reads in Henry Adams and Henry James, and, more recently, in Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Wright Morris, and Nathanael West. The search for analogues and the method of comparison are given up only in the final section—a discussion of *The Scarlet Letter, Moby Dick,* and *Huck Finn,* works in which sentiment, gothic horror, violence, the Faust legend, the new woman, and other items from the unpromising past somehow become (on Fiedler's estimate) the materials of a literature of first excellence.

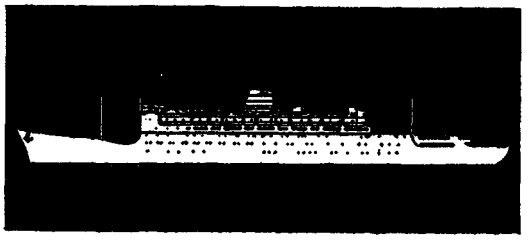
AN OBVIOUS function of this critic's allusiveness, as of the thrust and rapidity of his writing, is diversionary. Facing a page which, in the course of studying themes of Melville and Hawthorne, cites *High Noon, The Virginian, A Modern Instance, Miss Ravenel's Conversion, St. Elmo, The Lamp-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lighter, Joyce's *Ulysses,* and *Jane Eyre,* the hostile reader has no easy time finding a fixed target for hostility. But to say this is only to hint at a more interesting and more important truth about *Love and Death in the American Novel,* namely that there is a diversionary element even in the catalogue it offers of sexual morbidities in American letters. This claim does run counter, true enough, to prevailing views of Fiedler's purpose and message. Whether praised or blamed, the sage of Montana is widely regarded at the moment as a character who believes, simply, that all American writers are so afraid of sex that they dash off to a wilderness of homoeroticism and self-slaughter. And it is impossible to deny that Fiedler himself has done a good deal, in the work at hand and elsewhere, to encourage people to take that view of him. Midway through his essay on *Moby Dick,* for example, he announces that the book can be read "as a love story, perhaps the greatest love story in our fiction," an assertion that would seem to qualify a man for a public relations, not a critical, career. And although the theme of his chapter about the book has relatively little connection with this gift offer, the text is not bare of comparable distractions. Confronted with the most majestic moment in American writing, "The Grand Armada," Fiedler sets out meaning to do it justice. He quotes Melville's phrases ("eternal mildness of joy"); he uses the words birth and copulation; he soundly acknowledges that Ishmael has had a glimpse "into the world of natural immortality, where life is endlessly renewed by physical generation, as a guarantee that there is a renewal of the spirit, too, in human 'dalliance and delight,' which is all the immortality man can ever achieve." But then, suffering from a compulsion to overstimulate the reader, as it were, he adds: "For this natural renewal of the soul, the Holy Marriage of Males . . . is an alternative symbol." (Similar tricky redefinitions occur in the chapters on *Huck Finn* and *The Scarlet Letter.*)

But, to repeat, the chapter on *Moby Dick* is not really about the holy marriage of males. Its theme is the bifurcation of sensibility: the impossibility of bringing together in a single person the capacity to rest in mystery, to draw strength from the

Beginning
May 16 the new
S.S.
Atlantic
makes it possible
for you to travel to
Israel
in solid
American comfort and
at a budget cost!



This handsome ship is more than just a way to go . . . it is also a fine vacation resort afloat. Every stateroom has a private bathroom with shower and is air-conditioned. There is an outdoor swimming pool with a sunny beach deck, a solarium, a theatre with the newest movies, rooms for Canasta and bridge, a wonderful long serpentine bar, a night club, and handsome lounges galore.

You will eat superbly on the ATLANTIC . . . with a variety of gourmet dishes to choose from at each meal. When you're in the mood, you'll play and frolic. Or if it's rest and the absence of cares . . . they come easy too!

All this can be yours for as little as $345 from New York to Israel (Tourist Class, Thrift Season). You can have de luxe First Class accommodations for just a little more. Ask your travel agent to reserve your space while it's still available.

American Export Lines
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
DI 4-3000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hugely incomprehensible ongoingness of experience (Ishmael) and the desire to master, to rationalize, to fight the absurd, to know a final truth (Ahab). Neither is the chapter on *Huck Finn* about innocent homosexuality. It is about a condition that Fiedler rather awkwardly calls "outsidedness," and about the mystery of Twain's success in evoking a complete being, in expressing at certain moments an extraordinarily full image of a single life. A sentence or two in forty pages assign ugly labels to the relation between Huck and Jim (the labels are always modified by the word "innocent"), and the matter of the evasion of sex is given a few pages, but the central thesis is as follows:

> *Huckleberry Finn* is essentially a book about a marginal American type, who only wants to stay alive; but who does not find this very easy to do, being assailed on one side by forces of violence, which begrudge him the little he asks, and on the other, by forces of benevolence, which insist that he ask for more. Against the modesty and singleness of his purpose, everything else is measured and weighed: religion, the social order, other men.

THE INTELLECTUALS: A Controversial Portrait

Edited by George B. de Huszar

We invite the reader to a rare feast: a controversy among intellectuals about intellectuals. The selections range from the satiric wit of Kierkegaard and Valéry to the somber reflections of Dostoevsky. Presenting a remarkable and comprehensive portrait of the intellectual, drawn from the penetrating observations of men of intelligence from the French Revolution to the present, the book is designed to excite our imagination and to awaken our concern about the place of intellectuals in contemporary society.

Here are a few of the contributors:

Alexis de Tocqueville	Harold Laski
Bertrand de Jouvenel	David Riesman
Hugh Seton-Watson	Reinhold Niebuhr
William Barrett	Jacques Barzun
Max Ascoli	T. S. Eliot
Sidney Hook	George Orwell
José Ortega y Gasset	Czeslaw Milosz

$7.50

From your bookseller or Dept. C-61,

Fp THE FREE PRESS OF GLENCOE, ILLINOIS

119 WEST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

The case is, in short, that although Fiedler has a nice nose for the gamey scent of the illicit, his main subject is not fear of sex but fear of the loss of humanity, the self-wholeness. At the heart of the myth he dislodges you encounter a human figure afraid of losing either his right or his capacity to speak out of the center of his being. Sexual aberrancy is a symptom of this fear, as is the thinning out of human character in the pages of novels. The flight from society is another symptom. The intensification of a single strain of personality—hatred or love or intellectual passion or the tendency to chuckle at human wisdom—is yet another. The critic is absorbed by all these symptoms. What his book says, over and over, about American novels is: there are no people here at all. In literature we have no "passionate encounter of man and woman" because we have (almost) no man or woman.

AS ALREADY indicated, the sensational mode in which this is said—gothic props, exciting sexual terrors, rumors, intimations—suffices to guarantee the author a continuance of that notoriety in which he finds his own identity: the outrageous Prof, the man who speaks from the center of *his* own being and to hell with you, Jack, in your blue oxford shirt. And that Fiedler's interest in this notoriety is understandable in terms of the literary history described above does not render it lovable. But to mock the book that is smutched by it, or to evade the meaning by saying, How wild! how stimulating! is foolish. For all its extravagances, *Love and Death in the American Novel* has major achievements to its credit. It succeeds in relating American literature to European literature in a way that explains why the differences between American and European experience are at once of great, and no, moment. It succeeds in illustrating unsuspected continuities of two centuries of our literature, and also in leading many contemporary reputations—Salinger, Wright Morris, Saul Bellow, to name three among a dozen—into their first encounter with rigorous criticism. Moreover, stripped of come-ons, pitches to Puritan marks, leers at innocents, it offers an imaginative, unified view of our literature and history which defines qualities of American character that even the novelist himself has had difficulty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naming, at the same time that it plucks our books from the sticks and sees them as part of the world.

The reason this last achievement should be well regarded is easy to specify. Critics of American literature, men who expand in the sun of Gide's admiration for Dashiell Hammett, are so notoriously deficient in responsiveness to what college catalogues call World Art that the mere refusal to share the deficiency is a kind of triumph. Of course, if Fiedler had used his sense of other literatures to suggest that a new Tolstoy "ought to" spring forth from Yonkers he would be worth only a grin. But he does nothing of the sort. At one moment, pronouncing on *Huck Finn,* his text opens itself suddenly to a world beyond horror in unexpected *andante* paragraphs—they are the more affecting for having been so long withheld—that confirm the sense that the critic's harshness elsewhere is a result of longing for a greater book than America possesses. And the reader at this point may well break out in some despairing question: who can live by American novels? But Fiedler himself is constantly engaged in exploring passages of history whose dizzying power to nauseate is felt by writers (and other people) not only in America; he knows the futility of "calling for" a Healthy Book; he beautifully maintains the sense of a predicament to which there are no exceptions. His story is about a universal narrowing of humanity, the shrinkage everywhere of the possibilities of human character, and nowhere is he oblivious to the truth that these realities matter more than a masterpiece *or* the reputation of a nation can.

As goes almost without saying, the "enemies" to whom this professorial isolato with a knife in his brain refers in his preface are not likely to see the matter as it should be seen. They will see only another "provocative" but noisy and tendentious book. But if that is Fiedler's fault in large measure, the consequence of the fantasy described before, it is also their loss. Read sensibly, as an account of what we are not and ought to yearn to become, *Love and Death in the American Novel* is far from an outrage; it is, in truth, one of the very few important assessments of our culture to appear since the publication twenty years ago of Matthiessen's *American Renaissance.*

A Yiddish "Fundamentalist"

DIE FILOSOFIE FUN YIDNTUM: THE PHILOSOPHY OF JUDAISM. By ZVI CAHN. Farband Publishing Assn. (New York). Two volumes, 320 and 419 pp. $10.00.

Reviewed by ISRAEL KNOX

BEFORE publication in book form, these volumes were serialized in the Jewish Daily *Forward,* of whose staff Mr. Cahn is a member. The chapters appeared once a week—on the Sabbath; the author obviously does not adhere to the 613 commandments and prohibitions of Orthodoxy.

At a testimonial dinner for Dr. Cahn, his colleagues on the *Forward* praised the two volumes as the "major achievement of our time," the truest guide for the Jewish masses who, seeking and inquiring, do not know "how to approach our great spiritual sources." The editor himself of the *Forward,* in a review in his own paper, declared that "this is a book which must be read and reread." Finally, the General Secretary of the Labor Zionist *Farband,* which sponsored the publication of the volumes, added his encomium: "a work for our generation and for the coming generations." The descriptive leaflet that accompanies the book proclaims the author to be "one of the outstanding Jewish scholars of our day." These details reveal a distressing paradox—the acclaim by non-Orthodox, secular-minded Jews of a work by a non-Orthodox, non-observant author who yet accepts a "fundamentalist" account of the origin, composition, and dates of the books of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Offering not a shred of evidence or explanation of any kind, Dr. Cahn informs his readers that "Biblical archaeology has completely demolished Biblical criticism and has established the accuracy of the dates and facts regarding the twenty-four books of our Bible." He also assures his readers that "Jewish traditional thinking to the effect that Moses wrote the Torah from start to finish was based on fact . . . and therefore all the arguments of the Bible critics who attempt to tear the Pentateuch apart into various sections, and say that these parts were written in different periods and by different people are false." Further disregarding established scholarship, Dr. Cahn announces that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Columbia

JEWS IN COLONIAL BRAZIL

By Arnold Wiznitzer

Based on intensive research in the archives of the Inquisition as well as other early repositories, this book reveals a long neglected aspect of Latin-American history. It describes the world of the Jews and descendants of Jews who began emigrating to Brazil after its discovery in 1500. Their persistent faith despite the dangers of the Inquisition makes inspiring reading for every Jew. *$7.00*

THE SACRED BRIDGE

By Eric Werner

A comparative study of the music of the Christian and Jewish liturgies. Professor Werner examines Jewish and pre-Jewish sacred music and ritual at the time of the beginnings of Christianity and then traces their history as they were adapted by various Christian groups. A scholarly and important work on sacred liturgy. *$15.00*

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS

By Salo Wittmayer Baron

INDEX TO VOLS. I-VIII

This comprehensive, analytical *Index* to Volumes I–VIII brings Professor Baron's monumental work to the beginning of the thirteenth century. All names, events, and topics that appear in the eight published volumes are collated here for convenient reference. *$6.00*

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York 27

The record of the intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage of one of America's foremost rabbis

Anatomy of Faith

by Milton Steinberg

Edited, with an Introduction by Arthur A. Cohen

A collection of the unpublished writings of one of the most brilliant Jewish intellectuals of his generation, published on the tenth anniversary of his death. "Should prove of the highest interest to everyone concerned with the religious problems of our times."—WILL HERBERG

$4.75

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

FROM SHYLOCK TO SVENGALI

JEWISH STEREOTYPES IN ENGLISH FICTION *by* **Edgar Rosenberg**

A brilliant and original treatment of this theme brings to life some of the most vivid characters in English fiction. Centering his attention upon English novels of the nineteenth century, the author not only traces the Shylock image as it appears in the novels of Dickens, Trollope, and Bulwer, and the countermyth that emerges in such writers as George Eliot, but offers fresh appraisals of the novelists. Illustrations are from the works of Doré, Leandre, and Cruikshank. $6.50

Stanford University Press

Order from your bookstore, please

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"there were not two Isaiah-Prophets but only one Prophet," and "as to the question: Who is the author of *Proverbs?* No other answer is possible—King Solomon."

One need hardly multiply such examples. Perhaps what finally ends one's patience is Dr. Cahn's conferring the authorship of the Book of Job upon Moses (because such an opinion is mentioned in the Talmud?). Dr. Cahn's warrant for this conclusion is the most circular of arguments: Moses is the author of Job because Job is Mosaic "in content and in style."

DR. CAHN enlists archaeology in behalf of his "fundamentalist" view by putting forth the claim that archaeology sustains it. Would an authentically religious Jew, whole in his faith, need to adduce such proof? God would be the source of his proof: *Torah min ha-shamayim* (Torah by divine revelation). Compare what has been written by Robert Gordis, a scrupulous scholar who is in the "tradition"—he is a Conservative rabbi and also a professor of Bible at the Jewish Theological Seminary: "Archaeology does not prove the Bible to be true. Archaeology does something much more significant: it sets the Bible in a context. It gives us the background so that we can appreciate what the Bible has to say."

One might simply dismiss the volumes by Dr. Cahn as "absurd." Unfortunately, their absurd quaintness is at the expense of the earnest Yiddish reader, who, as often as not, spent his youth in a yeshiva, and is accustomed to regarding a book as a *sefer*—not just for entertainment but for learning and studying. Among the tens of thousands who turn to the Yiddish newspapers, there are indeed many who devoted years to the Talmud (without benefit of critical analysis or historical perspective), and who later forsook the Talmud—and the world of the Talmud—for the fresher fields of secularism, socialism, Zionism, Yiddish culture. In these past decades, as a result of their experience in America, or of the martyrdom of the six million and the establishment of the State of Israel, old memories have awakened in these Jews, and a revived interest in the meaning and value of the life they once lived. What they now require is an honest, straightforward Guide for the Perplexed. They need a "synthesis" that will reintro-

"Painstaking and honest."
—ABBA EBAN

ISRAEL and the MIDDLE EAST
HARRY B. ELLIS

An authoritative, on-the-scene analysis of the impact of Israel on the Arabs of the Middle East. Book traces and interprets the historical origins of the Arab-Israeli conflict, and describes the daily life and emotions of people living on both sides of the frontier. *". . . sensitive to the human tragedy involved."*—WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD. *1957. Illus., 260 pp.* $4.00

HERITAGE of the DESERT
The Arabs and the Middle East
Also by HARRY B. ELLIS

A clear, objective account of the Arabs and the Middle East which combines historical background, personal observation, and perceptive reporting. Book surveys Arab history and reflects the author's interviews with Arabs of all levels, from top leaders to refugees. Brings into sharp focus the political, economic, and social problems confronting the area today. *". . . deserves wide attention."*—THE SATURDAY REVIEW. *1956. 30 ills., maps; 311 pp.* $5.00

In the SHADOW of RUSSIA
Eastern Europe in the Postwar World
NICHOLAS HALASZ

**This penetrating book offers a fresh perspective on the Cold War and its effects on Russia's satellites in Eastern Europe. It discusses the concern for social justice after 1954, the gradual expansion of Communist control, the impact and meaning of Titoism, and the attempts of these countries to assert their national individualities, etc. *"The reader comes away with a better understanding of the diversity that is Eastern Europe."*
—CURRENT HISTORY. *1959. 388 pp.* $5.00**

CAN CAPITALISM COMPETE?
A Campaign for American Free Enterprise
RAYMOND W. MILLER

The hard realities about the up-hill fight to sell modern American capitalism to the uncommitted nations against the pressures of world communism. This challenging book shows the concerted effort necessary if we are to overcome serious misunderstanding among the peoples of these nations. A practical program of concrete action for individuals and organizations at every level. *"There is no doubt that this book fills a great need . . ."*—Vice President Richard Nixon. *1959. 264 pp.* $4.50

Order your books from:

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th St., New York 10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duce them to the religious-philosophical heritage of Judaism as coordinated and illumined by sensitive and responsible scholarship. On this account, I make bold to recommend to Dr. Cahn and his promoters a little *cheshbon ha-nefesh*—soul-searching.

THESE two volumes abound in other deficiencies. The differences between Judaism and Christianity are real and it is salutary to bring them into the light, but surely—on the level of scholarship—it can be done without condescension or misrepresentation. Dr. Cahn blithely confuses, for example, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (that Mary was exempted from the stain of Original Sin) with the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, and he does not seem to grasp fully the doctrine of the Trinity (giving it unwittingly an Aryan slant). Elsewhere, he wrongly refers to Zoroastrians as worshipping two gods, and thus misses the essential point of that religion—that its dualism is cosmological but not ethical—since Zoroastrian fealty to the single "Principle of Light" is the heart of morality, piety, and faith. If this is carelessness, then it reflects an attitude of disrespect toward the Yiddish reader.

Among some graver intellectual lapses, Dr. Cahn seems unable to recognize the distinction between principle (as regulative and allusive) and dogma (as material and specific) and, in consequence, spoils what might have been a good discussion of some dimensions of Judaism. He enumerates "ten forms of thinking" and proposes that "logic is not always one and the same," thereby identifying the pathology of thinking with the criteria of correct reasoning. Because the multivocal term "intuition" is employed by both Spinoza and Bergson (in almost antipodal senses), Dr. Cahn couples them, making Spinoza a forerunner of Bergson. Then by some feat of his imagination, he transforms Hermann Cohen, Franz Rosenzweig, and Henri Bergson into—Zionists.

When he gets to modern Jewish thinkers, he offers a lot of "human interest," but very little solid information. The reader is left on the *outside* of ideas. Less than a single page of the chapter on Nachman Krochmal deals with Krochmal's ideas, with the content of his *More Nebuchei ha-Z'man* ("A Guide for the Perplexed of Our Time"). The Baal Shem, the founder of Hasidism, fares no better: there is little in the chapter given to him of the *ot* (the letter) and less of the *or* (the light) of Hasidic teaching. Here, of course, Dr. Cahn had an enviable advantage—he was in a position to go directly to the sources and beyond, to the very atmosphere, the spiritual landscape, of the sources. A pity that he failed to avail himself of this advantage.

It may well be that those who lavished such high praise on Dr. Cahn's *Philosophy of Judaism* were not concerned so much with the specific work as with the need for such a work in Yiddish. The fact remains that the Yiddish reader will have to consult other books, even if they deal only with a part of the subject. (The non-Yiddish reader has access to several fine books in English.) There are scholars in our midst capable of producing a comprehensive work of this kind in the Yiddish language; if they were to do so, because of their own roots (and those of Yiddish) their writings would possess a *niggun*, a melody, evocative of the East European world that was, and is now no longer. Such a work is yet to be written.

An important new book about one of the most influential thinkers of our time

MARTIN BUBER

Jewish Existentialist

By MALCOLM L. DIAMOND

"A significant and valuable contribution to our understanding of one of the seminal minds of our generation . . . not merely enlightening, but interesting, not simply informative, but a stimulating experience of the first order."—ROBERT GORDIS, Professor of Bible, Jewish Theological Seminary

"A very creative and illuminating exposition of Buber's thought . . . Professor Diamond's analysis makes it possible for the reader to place Buber's thought in relationship to other significant religious and philosophical movements."—REINHOLD NIEBUHR, Union Theological Seminary

$4.50 at all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weber and His Work

MAX WEBER, AN INTELLECTUAL PORTRAIT. By REINHARD BENDIX. Doubleday. 480 pp. $5.75.

Reviewed by LEWIS A. COSER

MAX WEBER is without doubt the greatest German sociologist, and his work belongs among the rare classics of the social sciences. Not only his substantive contributions, but his moral stance—his intense involvement with the ethical issues of his time—appeal to the imagination of the contemporary reader. Like Thomas Mann and Joseph Schumpeter (whom he resembled in many respects), this scion of a well-to-do upper middle class family writing in the twilight of the bourgeois gods went on recording the breakdown of the bourgeois order with merciless lucidity. And like a latter-day Jeremiah he castigated in sorrow and in pain the ways of the class from which he had sprung and to which he remained bound by many links of value and sentiment. Yet unlike so many contemporary writers, Max Weber refused to accept the consolation of a messianic vision, of religiosity or secular religion. Though a subtle analyst of religious phenomena, when asked the purpose of his scholarly research into religion, he answered, "I want to see how much I can stand."

Though Weber brought to a climax the *fin de siècle* disenchantment with liberal values, and, though he was deeply committed to the values of freedom and rationality, he was unable to propose a viable alternative. He was a tortured thinker forever torn between the harsh contradictions of political values and personal commitment. He professed to accept the world of power politics and yet considered power to be diabolic—the realm of eternal violence, conflict, and war. His was a "polytheistic" universe where irreconcilable values were bound to clash in never resolved antinomies; he rejected the hopes of redeeming reconciliation. Between ethics and politics there was a gulf impossible to bridge. And even Weber's passionate commitment to "science as a vocation," to the ethos of science, was not rooted in any belief that science could redeem mankind. "Who—aside from certain big children who are indeed found in the natural sciences—" he wrote, "still believes that the findings of astronomy, biology, physics or chemistry can teach us anything about the *meaning* of the world." This great apologist for the rationalism of the Western world yet foresaw that the further rationalization and bureaucratization of modern society would contribute to imprisoning man in the "cage of the future." He wrote that "to this day there has never existed a bureaucracy which could compare to that of Egypt . . . it is apparent that today we are proceeding toward an evolution which resembles that system in every detail, except that it is built on other foundations, on technically more perfect, more rationalized, and therefore much more mechanized foundations."

Weber's troubled and divided awareness, his cold lucidity and tormented vision, may account in part for the fact that he appeals so much more strongly to the modern imagination than his 19th-century predecessors do. We can no longer be stirred by the serene optimism and uncomplicated assuredness of most 19th-century social thought.

Thus it was with considerable anticipation that I looked forward to Reinhard Bendix's book, the first full-scale treatment in English of Weber and his work. I must confess to a strong disappointment. Though Bendix calls his book an "intellectual portrait," it is actually a painstaking, rather pedestrian, expository presentation of some—and by no means all—of Weber's major themes of inquiry. This will no doubt make it useful, especially to those who cannot read Weber in the original, for Bendix does provide highly competent summaries of Weber's major work in the sociology of religion and the sociology of politics, and he also gives a very good account of how Weber's early studies of East Elbian agrarian society and of the Berlin stock exchange led him to define an intellectual perspective which he never abandoned in his later and better known works. Still, this hardly adds up to an intellectual portrait. Moreover, Bendix's deliberate decision to avoid judgment or assess value makes for a lack of excitement and appeal in the reading. Generations of graduate students are likely to consult this volume just before examination time; but we still remain in need of a book which takes stock of Weber's contribution—sifting the perennially significant from the historically interesting, direct-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing attention here and deflecting it there, in order to help us reach a balanced assessment. Bendix's camera eye with its deadly fixation on the letter of the text does not promote an imaginative grasp of the significance of Weber's work. And it does not even begin to provide us with an understanding of the man.

A voluminous literature in a number of languages has grown up around Weber's major works; his central theses have been disputed among scholars for more than a generation. Some of his findings have proved to be amazingly fruitful for subsequent research, others have been modified, disregarded, or rejected; but only a faint echo of all this is allowed to intrude into Bendix's worshipful summary. Weber's *Ancient Judaism,* for example, is outlined very well here, but we are given no indication of how far his interpretations have been accepted by modern scholars, how much needs modification in the light of more recent evidence. Even the famous international controversy which developed around the *Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* is alluded to only in a footnote.

Bendix offers a number of highly intelligent comments on some aspects of Weber's image of society, pointing to the fact that for Weber society must always be conceived as a balance of opposing forces, involving struggles between conflicting social groups. He rightly points out that "this emphasis . . . was at the core of Max Weber's personal and intellectual outlook on life. It was his reasoned conviction that some conflicts among men are due to an opposition of ultimate values that no amount of argument or clarification can undo." But such illuminating passages are unfortunately rare. One cannot but wish that Bendix had allowed his own voice to be heard more forcefully. In studying the history of ideas it is necessary to ask first, "What did X think?" But if one doesn't then ask, "Was he right? " and "What in his thought has proved viable? " one is failing to contribute to that vital dialogue with the great thinkers of the past which is the mark of a living scholarly tradition. Mere inventories of our inheritance of ideas are not enough; we need to analyze them instead of merely describing if we are truly to reckon them among our permanent possessions.

Some New Avant-Garde

PILGRIMS IN THE ZOO. By BRUCE BROOKS. Beacon Press. 164 pp. $3.95.
CAIN'S BOOK. By ALEXANDER TROCCHI. Grove Press. 252 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by HARRIS DIENSTFREY

THESE works are two examples of current avant-garde fiction in America. *Cain's Book* presents the first-person reflections of a drug addict-writer who lives on a scow in the Hudson; his disengagement involves a condemnatory dismissal of modern society. The novel dispenses with plot and character development, and uses instead memories, descriptions of the addict underworld, and the narrator's musings: "I thought of myself," he says, "as a man with nothing to do in the world ever, except to remain conscious." *Pilgrims in the Zoo,* on the other hand, deals with personal relations and individual unhappiness—especially with the tensions between children and their parents. It is a collection of six very similar stories which reduce behavior to illicit relations and thoughts to obsessions, and which ignore all legal consequences and moral judgments: in these fantasies, the abnormal just happens, incident after incident, "given" in macabre deadpan.

The two books have some obvious differences: *Cain* is more interested in society; *Pilgrims* is more fantastical. But both have something to say about society, and about American society in particular: it is stifling and oppressive. And about the lives of its citizens: they are boring and filled with hidden tensions. The difficulty with both books, though, is that neither contains characters or events of sufficient emotional reality to justify such pronouncements.

In Brooks's entirely symbolic constructs, everything exists for the sake of general points—the slave-master elements in love, the ambivalences in child-parent relations, the self-hatred of the lonely. The stories never move beyond these generalities; nor do they contain humor or wild conceit, two characteristics of the genre in which Brooks is working. Ideas not only dominate, but—without anything to give them substance or nuance—they appear inane and simple-minded.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cain's Book relates character and ideas differently. For one thing, Trocchi is a better writer. Whenever he describes addicts, either hunting for a fix or giving themselves one, the novel seems perfectly, yet dispassionately attuned to the sounds and movements of its characters:

> Geo hesitated and then said: 'O.K. baby, I'm coming now. See you all later,' he said to the rest of us.
>
> 'Hey, wait a minute, Geo,' Lou said, lurching out of a comatose state. 'You've got to lay that nickel on me. I need it to score.'
>
> 'You really think I owe you that nickel, don't you, Lou?'
>
> 'Man, you're not impressing anyone!' Lou said.
>
> 'Come on,' Fay said, 'you owe him a nickel. We need it. Give it to him.'

But as the narrator recalls his earlier life, and as he defines himself vis-à-vis the world, all to symbolize the limited possibilities and apathy of the non-addicted world (Aldous Huxley, he notes, "was a boyhood hero of mine, and I'm glad to see him on drugs at last"), the novel becomes irrelevant. It does not describe a variety of experiences, but the same experience again and again: the disengagement of the addict: the superiority of freedom to slavery: the virtues of play and the vices of work. Every scene has the same meaning. The ideas here do not so much dictate *Cain's* structure as they flatten it. *Pilgrims in the Zoo* is, ultimately, crude; *Cain's Book* is dull.

THE epigraph to *Pilgrims* is from Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain:* "Was he aware that all progress . . . was due to illness, and to illness alone? . . . Had not the normal, since time was, lived on the achievements of the abnormal?" Brooks's stories, then, intend to celebrate the "abnormal." And so they do: the abnormals,

Looking for a PUBLISHER?

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company noted for prompt, personal service. All subjects. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from businesses, organizations, churches, etc. Send for Free Booklet. Vantage Press, Dept. CM, 120 W. 31, New York 1.

the noble savage

Two features, "Ancestors" (revivals of good, old work) and "Arias" (spirited commentary by the editors on the present scene), will appear regularly.

EDITORS:
Saul Bellow
Keith Botsford
Jack Ludwig

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
John Berryman
Ralph Ellison
Herbert Gold
Arthur Miller
Wright Morris
Harvey Swados

THE NOBLE SAVAGE, a Meridian Periodical, is published twice yearly by Meridian Books

Single Copy: $1.50

Meridian Books, Inc.
12 East 22 Street
New York 10, N. Y.

The first issue of THE NOBLE SAVAGE contains fiction, poetry, and reportage by:

RALPH ELLISON
HAROLD ROSENBERG
WRIGHT MORRIS
JOSEPHINE HERBST
JOHN BERRYMAN
ARTHUR MILLER
HERBERT GOLD
MARK HARRIS
HARVEY SWADOS
EDWARD HOAGLAND
HOWARD NEMEROV
JACK LUDWIG

Please enter my subscription to THE NOBLE SAVAGE, beginning with the current issue. Enclosed find a check for $2.75 (1 year).
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

MERIDIAN BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their madness and because of it, provoke revelations. (In Kafka, the opposite is true; his people act quite logically, but in a *world* that is mad.) *Cain's Book* also celebrates the abnormal; for Trocchi, the addict, called abnormal and criminal by law and popular opinion, is the most perfect representative and truest explorer of our times. It is clear that the faults of these novels are caused in part by this attempt to record the "achievements of the abnormal" and to read into these achievements overwhelming significance and, sometimes, great virtue.

The problem is not the use of abnormality as such. Since World War II, most American fiction has purposely exploited the abnormal in one form or another to symbolize America and its tensions. John Horne Burns, in *The Gallery,* uses the word "synecdoche" to describe his method. The war novels seem to have been the last works of fiction to concern themselves with "average" people; practically the only important postwar novel that has attempted to deal with normality is Vance Bourjaily's *The Violated.* The new mode of the abnormal which has produced as much bad literature, I suppose, as any other mode, has also produced such strange puzzles as William Gaddis's *The Recognitions,* such exciting works as Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man,* and such a great novel as Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park.* None of these novels has solved their special part-for-the-whole problems, but *Cain's Book* and *Pilgrims in the Zoo* seem completely unaware of them.

A basic problem is the range of a symbol, the degree to which it can be meaningfully equated with an area of reality. From this point of view, the main difference between *Cain* and *Pilgrims,* on the one hand, and *Invisible Man* and *Deer Park,* on the other, is that the characters of Ellison and Mailer offer a series of "graduated symbols," each of which reveals another aspect of the truth. Brooks and Trocchi have only a symbol apiece; either one accepts their symbolic equations or finds their work trivial.

Thus, Brooks's abnormals reveal the hidden ambivalences in interpersonal relations, and his stories assume that it is these unseen ambiguities which prevent individual happiness. But if one believes that it is more important for individuals to overcome what deadens their feeling and spontaneity in relation to, for examples, food, leisure, and conversation, then the symbols of *Pilgrims in the Zoo* are beside the point. Likewise, Trocchi's abnormals presumably reveal the boredom of our culture. But if one believes that this boredom is not totally pervasive, that there are areas of personal challenge and stimulation, of *play,* as Trocchi's narrator might say—then the addict is a dull fish of a symbol whose main trouble is lack of consciousness. (A similar point could be made of the characters in *The Connection.*) Insofar as the one main symbol of *Cain* or *Pilgrims* is unacceptable, then the work itself is unacceptable. To reject *Invisible Man* and *Deer Park* on similar grounds, one must reject a complex of symbols.

The comparison between Brooks-Trocchi and Mailer-Ellison suggests two additional points: first, that in novels at least, there no longer seems to be much distance between the potentially avant-garde and the supposedly more traditional; and, second, that unlike Mailer and Ellison, neither Brooks nor Trocchi has written a book which is better than the ideas behind them.

The Differences Among Slaves

SLAVERY: A PROBLEM IN AMERICAN INSTITUTIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE. By STANLEY M. ELKINS. The University of Chicago Press. 247 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN GLAZER

THERE exists a major problem about American slavery, one on which even a reader of the best American historians on slavery will not be enlightened: indeed, if he limits his reading to historians he will hardly know that a problem does exist. But why was American slavery the most awful the world has ever known? The slave was totally removed from the protection of organized society (compare the elaborate provisions for the protection of slaves in the Bible), his existence as a human being was given no recognition by any religious or secular agency, he was totally ignorant of and completely cut off from his past, and he was offered absolutely no hope for the future. His children could be sold, his marriage received no recognition, his wife could be violated or sold (there was something comic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in calling the woman with whom the master permitted him to live a "wife"), and he could also be subject, without redress, to frightful barbarities—there were presumably as many sadists among slaveowners, men and women, as there are in other groups. The slave could not, by law, be taught to read or write; he could not practice any religion without permission of his master, and could never meet with his fellows, for religious or any other purposes, except in the presence of a white; and finally, if a master wished to free him, every legal obstacle was used to thwart such action. This was not what slavery meant in the ancient world, in medieval and early modern Europe, nor in Brazil and the West Indies.

More important, American slavery was also awful in its effects. If we compare the present situation of the American Negro with that of, let us say, Brazilian Negroes (who were slaves twenty years longer), we begin to suspect that very different patterns of slavery must have produced such different outcomes. Today the Brazilian Negro is a Brazilian; though most are poor and do the hard and dirty work of the country, as Negroes do in the United States, they are not cut off from society. They reach into its highest strata, merging there—in smaller and smaller numbers, it is true, but with complete acceptance—with other Brazilians of all kinds. The relations between Negroes and whites in Brazil show nothing of the mass irrationality that prevails in this country.

And if we compare American Negroes with the West Indian Negroes, we are struck by the greater self-confidence and energy of the latter—and again are forced to ask: what is it that happened to Negroes in the Southern States before 1865?

As we may read in the beginning of Mr. Elkins' book, polemicists and historians have argued over American slavery for more than a hundred years without once raising their eyes from our Southern States to look at the experience of the millions of Africans who were brought as slaves to the West Indies and Brazil. It is Mr. Elkins' virtue to have seen the special problem posed by American slavery; but this is only the first of his virtues. After reading his book, I do not believe there is a social scientist in America who thinks better than he does; he presents his thoughts with a clarity and power few of them can match; he understands sociology and psychology better than any other American historian I have read, and better than many sociologists and psychologists do. He has mastered a vast literature, in disparate fields, and he uses all his learning for the sole purpose of advancing his and our understanding of the important subject he has chosen to study. He cares nothing for the artificial boundaries between "disciplines," everything for his subject. He is a sociologist where he must be a sociologist, a psychologist where he must be a psychologist, an anthropologist where he must be an anthropologist. May the academy not take vengeance upon him.

Such a book is so rare that it is hard to stop praising it; but let me report on what Mr. Elkins has to tell us. After first surveying the vast literature on American slavery, he refers to a little known work, *Citizen and Slave,* in which Frank Tannenbaum had pointed to striking differences between Brazilian and American slavery, and to their very different outcomes. Mr. Elkins takes up this theme in the first section of his book and explains why these great differences emerged. In Brazil the slave had many more rights than in the United States: he could legally marry, he could, indeed had to be, baptized and become a member of the Catholic Church, his family could not be broken up by sale, and he had many days on which he could either rest or earn money to buy his freedom. The government encouraged manumission, and the freedom of infants could often be purchased for a small sum at the baptismal font. In short: the Brazilian slave knew he was a man, and that he differed in degree, not in kind, from his master.

Mr. Elkins argues that the situation was so different in the United States because here individualism was unrestricted, freed from feudal limitations, aristocracy, a powerful church, monarchy—from any institution that claimed traditional authority. In the absence of all restraining institutions, the search for private gain and profit was unlimited, and the law so fashioned as to remove the slightest hindrance to individual action: our courts argued, for example, that it was unfair to expect the slaveowner to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATION VALUE

Your Cunard crossing is a luxurious vacation . . . a delightful way to Europe and Israel. Convenient connections via Southampton, Liverpool, Cherbourg and Havre permit visits to London or Paris en route. Your ticket includes superb Cunard food . . . flawless British service . . . huge free baggage allowance. Special attention to dietary needs, facilities for worship.

Convenient Service
Cunard Prepaid Service is the reliable way to bring loved ones to America. Reduced fares for permanent emigrants on all westbound sailings except July 1 to October 31.

Choice of exciting Caronia cruise vacations—12 to 95 days
North Cape Cruise . . . June 30
Summer West Indies Cruises . . . Aug. 31 and Sept. 17
Autumn Mediterranean Cruise . . . October 4

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Getting there is half the fun! Go

CUNARD

CUNARD LINE
25 Broadway, N.Y. 4 • BO 9-5300
441 Park Ave., N.Y. 22 • PL 5-4300

recognize familial bonds if this meant a reduction in the price he received for his slaves (selling man and wife together, or mother and children, naturally reduced the number of potential buyers, as well as the potential price). Such was the ambience of American slavery.

In Brazil, by contrast, the church was powerful, and insisted on the protection of the slaves and the saving of their souls. (There is probably no more shameful part in the history of American religion than its complete abdication from any effort to help American slaves—it only undertook activity when asked by the slavemasters, who thought religion might help keep the slaves docile.) The royal government across the sea was also interested in the protection of the slaves. In any case the use of property in Latin America was hedged in by a variety of quasi-feudal restrictions, and it was taken for granted that slaves were not the absolute property of their owners. In the Latin countries, in short, the remnants of feudalism protected the slave; in the society fashioned here in the United States, nothing was left to prevent a cruelly logical reduction of the African to a piece of mere property.

In the second part of his book, Mr. Elkins takes up another question: the character of the American Negro. Why, he asks, was such a uniform description of the slave prevalent in the South—childlike, irresponsible, incapable of thought or foresight, lazy, ignorant, totally dependent upon his master, happy? Apparently Brazil had no similar stereotype. The Southerners liked to believe that this was the essential nature of the African; it justified holding him as property. But Mr. Elkins finds no similarity between this stereotype of the Southern Negro, slave or free, and descriptions of West Africa by travelers and anthropologists: ". . . looking back upon the energy, and complex organization of West African tribal life, we are tempted . . . to wonder how it was ever possible that all this native resourcefulness and vitality could have been brought to such a point of utter stultification in America." A connected problem: in the United States, there are simply no "survivals" from African culture—in Brazil and the West Indies, there are many. How explain this? Mr. Elkins' answers again point to institutional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

differences. Where the slavemaster wielded absolute power, the slave became absolutely dependent. Where the slavemaster's power was restricted by traditional institutions, the slaves—after all the horrors that accompanied the passage from freedom in Africa to slavery in the New World—had a breathing space, an area of freedom in which to reconstruct some part of their African culture. Where such a breathing space existed, it allowed slaves to perform some of the actions of free men—and therefore they were, even in slavery, more like free men.

Here Mr. Elkins draws on the literature on Nazi concentration camps to get at the psychological consequences of a situation of total powerlessness continued over a long period of time. He points out that the psychological dependency, to the point of imitation and even love, of slaves on their masters, could be found in concentration camp inmates who managed to survive the early term of their imprisonment.

In the third part, Mr. Elkins discusses American abolitionism. This is to me the least satisfactory section of his book, though it is hardly less brilliant than the rest. He seems to share a bias, common among contemporary historians, which I find difficult to understand, against the abolitionists. They are criticized for being moralistic, fanatical, uncompromising, vituperative; they refused to consider practical measures, short of emancipation, that might have alleviated the conditions of the slaves, and so prepare them for emancipation. Mr. Elkins suggests that the opponents of slavery might have proposed measures that would have given the slave an area in which to develop toward freedom—for example, "bringing the slave into the Christian fold and under the eye of the church . . . insisting that he be offered a spiritual life marked by dignity and be given instruction in Christian morality," or insisting upon the sanctity of the family "as a basic principle of Christian practice. . . ." But it is clear from his own evidence that slavemasters would have accepted none of this. Mr. Elkins is deceived in thinking that what is useful for analysis is also useful for reform. Powerful institutions changed the situation of the slave in Brazil, but this does not mean that these institutions, or anything approximating them, could have been introduced for the same

You'll enjoy yourself in French-Canada, where no passport is required other than these booklets to help plan your trip over splendid roads through unspoilt scenery. Old-time hospitality, delicious cuisine, modern comfortable accommodations.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU
710 GRANDE ALLEE EAST, DEPT. 66-B
QUEBEC CITY, CANADA

Please send me Free road-maps and illustrated booklets to plan my Québec vacation.

My main interest is .....

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purpose here. There was no way of transforming the Protestant denominations into the Catholic Church. And from the 1830's on the slavemasters were united in refusing to countenance any change in the situation, except, of course, in the direction of making their power even more perfect. Because nothing stood against the absolute property right over human beings, it was necessary for abolitionism to develop its own absolutism.

For the first time Mr. Elkins' use of a comparative approach to throw light on a problem seems to fail him. He explains the fanaticism of American abolitionism, in contrast to British abolitionism, by arguing that here there were no institutions through which mind and morality could operate—no ruling class, church, aristocracy, etc. The issue of slavery could not be mediated and resolved *through* institutions—it was addressed directly to the masses, to public opinion, it became "democratized," and for that reason so simplified that concession was impossible. And yet, as he points out in a footnote, such a set of mediating institutions did exist in American politics, and for thirty years Congress did, in fact, effectively forge various compromises. It was not through lack of institutions that Abolitionism became shrill and fanatical—but because of the South's monolithic resistance to any change in the slavery system. If the South today resists with such fanaticism the integration of lunch counters, what is there to make us believe that it could have been moved by a challenge to the institution on which its whole life was based?

A more reasonable explanation of the success of British abolitionism in the 1830's than the structure of British institutions is that the British movement argued for the freedom of slaves in the *West Indies*—slaves were no part of British life. For such an objective, it was possible eventually to mobilize so strong a body of opinion (and against the relatively small group whose interests were directly affected) that no resistance was possible, and a peaceful emancipation was carried through.

This book raises the curtain on what must become an important area for research and thinking. The first part suggests that we need a closer examination of the different slave systems of the Western Hemisphere than we have yet had. It will be particularly important to look into the experience of Puerto Rico (there, too, the pattern of slavery must have been quite different, for its outcome is different), Haiti (where the slaves massacred their masters—why did they not do the same in the United States? —and where after 150 years of freedom no stable political system has emerged), and other Caribbean countries. The second part suggests that we need to know more about the changes in Negro personality and character since the days of slavery—E. Franklin Frazier's *The Negro Family in the United States* already serves as a fine model.

It was clear to a number of sociologists (Robert Park, Donald Pierson) that the comparative study of the Negro in different countries would teach us more than would an exclusive preoccupation with the situation in the United States, where—alone in the Western Hemisphere—we suffer from a most serious and unsolved problem in the relations between the races. Mr. Elkins' book has gone further than any other work in showing how fruitful a comparative approach can be. It will affect our thinking for many years to come.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

BENJAMIN DEMOTT, appearing for the first time, is professor of English at Amherst College. He has published widely in the literary journals, and he is the author of the novel *The Body's Cage* (1959).

PAUL LEVINE, also a first contributor, is a graduate student in the English department of Princeton University.

ISRAEL KNOX is an old COMMENTARY author: his review of the *S. Niger Memorial Volume* appeared last June.

LEWIS A. COSER teaches sociology at Brandeis. He is the author of *The Functions of Social Conflict.*

HARRIS DIENSTFREY is an assistant editor of COMMENTARY.

NATHAN GLAZER reviews for us each month.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ISSUE [*continued from page (a)*]

Yet capital punishment is surely wrong, and one can argue that even where a man like Oswald Pohl is concerned, it achieves nothing—not even the satisfaction of the primitive desire for vengeance. But perhaps the same reasoning by which Camus has demonstrated the immorality of capital punishment—that society is employing absolute and irrevocable means in order to implement what can only in the nature of things be a relative and fallible judgment—justifies the hanging of the worst Nazi war criminals. Because the crimes they committed were on a scale that defies all our moral categories, and because no conceivable punishment could possibly have been adequate to these crimes, a cold-blooded execution performed years later by professionals who were not themselves personally involved somehow seems the one form of retribution that even begins to approach adequacy. The cold-bloodedness, the professionalism, the impersonality—these are the very factors that in ordinary criminal cases make capital punishment particularly repulsive and inhuman. As applied to the Paul Blobels and Oswald Pohls however, they seem *right,* for they represent punishment that is not only absolute in character but entirely drained of the human passion which could never under any circumstances be huge enough to match the dimensions of the crime.

All this is speculative, of course; there are no simple answers here. Rudolph Hoess, the commandant of Auschwitz, was hanged on a gallows especially constructed at Auschwitz itself, so that the last thing he should see would be the death house to which he had sent several million people. This was retribution that contained a deliberate element of the human as the execution of the seven at Landsberg did not; and who is prepared to say that it was the less adequate for that—or that it was adequate at all? In any event, we can neither condone the executions nor condemn them. All a Jew can do is hope that he is humane enough to suffer from watching men dangle at the end of a rope while at the same time being human enough to force himself to approve of the hangings because he is a Jew.

* * *

A point that Myron Kolatch does not get around to making in his piece on the Albert Einstein College of Medicine is that in founding a medical school whose relation to Orthodox Judaism is neither obvious nor easy to define, Yeshiva University was following a pattern that may turn out to be of the greatest significance in the history of organized American Jewry. In general, American Jews have formed themselves into organized bodies for three distinct though overlapping purposes: religious observance and education; domestic and foreign philanthropy (in this category, I think, we can include the Zionist movement); and defense against anti-Semitism. To be sure, Jewish philanthropy, both individual and collective, has always been extended into areas of general need, as the large number of hospitals under Jewish auspices in this country testifies. But on the whole, the Jewish community, through its many different bodies, has been organized almost exclusively for serving Jewish needs and interests. There is nothing surprising or unusual about such a state of affairs. What is surprising and unusual is that in recent years, more and more Jewish support (again both individual and collective) has been given to activities and institutions which, although they do indeed serve Jewish needs and interests, are intended to serve the needs and interests of others just as fully. That is to say, they are contributions by the Jewish citizenry to the general welfare. Brandeis University is a major illustration; another is the energy being spent by several national Jewish organizations in fighting discrimination at a time when anti-Semitism in America has declined significantly in areas like employment, housing, and education, and when the most immediate beneficiaries of the struggle will be Negroes and Puerto Ricans rather than Jews; COMMENTARY itself can perhaps be listed as a third; and now we have the Einstein College of Medicine, under Orthodox Jewish auspices.

If I am right in thinking that these various examples add up to a new phenomenon of some interest and importance, then we might ask ourselves how it can best be interpreted. One possibility is that the American Jewish community now feels secure enough to turn its attention to *general*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems which Jews, by reason of their history and traditions, care about with particular intensity. It is obvious, for example, why Jews—whose regard for both education and medicine is so well known as to have become the theme of innumerable jokes—should stand behind the founding of a first-rate university or medical school. And it is equally obvious why they should be active in a civil-rights struggle. To this extent, the organized Jewish community is now participating in its own way in a process which has marked the Jewish relation to Western culture ever since the first days of the Emancipation, when men like Marx, Freud, and Einstein (and a host of lesser figures) began bringing to the worlds of philosophy and science a new point of view and a new perspective that in my opinion must be attributed in some measure to their Jewishness.

The question is, can Brandeis or the Einstein College of Medicine be called *Jewish* institutions? Is there anything Jewish about them—and, for that matter, is there anything Jewish about Einstein himself, or Freud? Obviously, those who believe that the criterion of Jewishness is a positive nationalistic commitment to *Klal Yisrael*—the Jewish people—will regard Einstein and Freud (not to mention Marx, who was baptized) as deserters from the fold. And the same people will ask, as they did of Mr. Kolatch, "Where does Yeshiva come to a medical school?" But to anyone who believes that Jewishness is an inescapable fate—inescapable in the sense that it becomes, even (or perhaps especially) for those who flee it, a major determinant of their spiritual and intellectual qualities—the question, "What is Jewish about Freud?" will seem disingenuous and deliberately polemical. Freud was so much a Jew, so thoroughly a Jew, that one can scarcely conceive of his being anything else; nor is it easy to imagine anyone but a Jew doing the work he did.

But to return to the American Jewish community. It is heartening that Jews, acting *as* Jews and in the name of their Jewishness (however they may wish to define Jewishness), have come more and more to devote themselves to seeking "the welfare of the city wherein they live." The Jewish community has much to contribute to American life that no other group is so well equipped to provide, and most of all, perhaps, in the area of intellectual activity, where detachment combined with an intransigent idealism—qualities that characterize the Jewish mind more centrally than any others—are so very desperately needed.

* * *

A word, finally, about Lionel Abel's article on the pseudonymous young Soviet author "Abram Tertz." Interestingly enough, the story by David Bergelson elsewhere in this issue exhibits the same complicated interplay of ironies that Mr. Abel finds in the work of Abram Tertz. Now the tortured ambivalence of Bergelson's relation to Soviet Communism can almost certainly be traced to the fact of his Jewishness. Is Abram Tertz also a Jew? Mr. Abel surmises that he might be, and of course the artist who happens also to be a Jew in the Soviet Union would indeed have great cause for an extraordinary ambivalence.—N.P.

a mark of respect

Riverside
MEMORIAL CHAPEL, INC.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Charles Rosenthal
Carl Grossberg
Edward Rosenthal
Maxwell W. Passerman
Morton Rosenthal
Lee J. Filer
Lawrence Grossberg

NEW YORK • BROOKLYN • BRONX • WESTCHESTER • LONG ISLAND • MIAMI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Span the Centuries of Bible History...

From Ur to Nazareth — an economic inquiry into the religious and political history of Israel— enables you to span centuries of Bible history from Genesis to the birth of Christianity. At every step along this journey to better understanding, you will be rewarded by the insights of a man who holds that faith stands on firmer ground when we permit the intellect to examine the changes wrought by science.

Under such scrutiny, the enduring values of the Bible emerge like nuggets of shining gold. They contain not only a timeless code of morals, but the priceless ingredient that makes them infinitely more meaningful to the world we now face—a just system of satisfying our material as well as our spiritual needs. These concepts of economic justice unite man with his Creator; establishing the Book of Books as the keystone in the citadel of God.

From Ur to Nazareth is being hailed as a great and moving experience . . . a well-tempered work of scholarship for laymen and theologians . . . a worthy companion to the Bible. It will be welcomed by all who treasure religious truth and the heritage derived from Moses and Jesus.

* * *

*"*Francis Neilson's contribution to Bible literature ranks him among the great Old and New Testament scholars of this amazing age.*"—Dr. John Haynes Holmes

*"*A marvelous achievement . . . your emphasis on the permanent power of myths, your fine interpretations of Amos and Isaiah, your understanding of the drama of Job . . . the chapter on Galilee.*"—The Very Rev. F. W. Dillistone, D.D., Dean of Liverpool Cathedral

From UR to NAZARETH

An Economic Inquiry into the Religious and Political History of Israel

by FRANCIS NEILSON

$6 at your Bookstore, or Mail Coupon Now

*"*I have always wanted such a companion for the Bible.*"—Mrs. J. L. Stone. Ripon, Wis.

*"*Reading this master work is one of the great experiences of my life . . . it has an extraordinary significance for our time.*"—Will Lissner, Ed. The American Journal of Economics and Sociology

461 pages. Index and Bibliography.

10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION (C)
50 East 69th St., New York 21, N. Y.

I enclose $6 for a postage-prepaid copy of From Ur to Nazareth with the understanding that I may return the book for a full refund within 10 days after it reaches me.

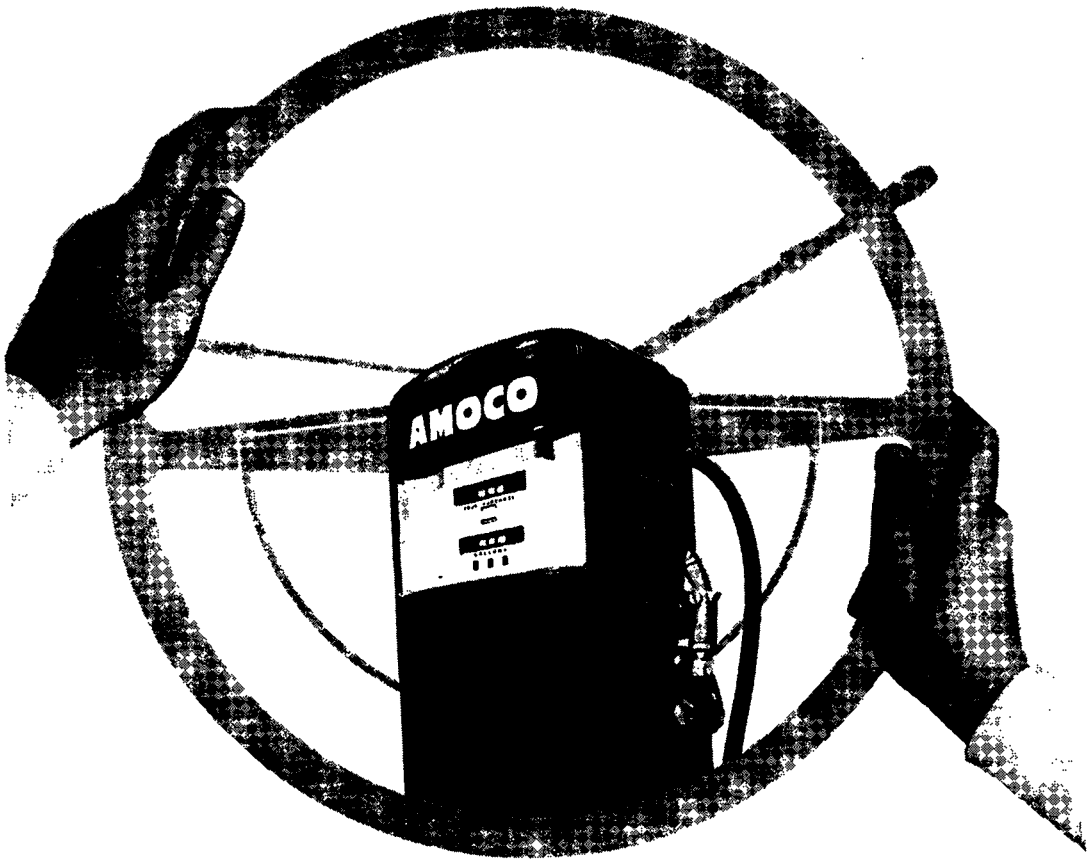
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Check Box if you prefer C.O.D. plus postage and handling charge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



economy starts here...

Amoco-Gas is the *only unleaded premium gasoline.* Contains no lead to foul pistons, plugs and valves. Saves money on tune-ups and repairs . . . preserves the life of your car. So for top power . . . smoother performance . . . and true economy, give your car the *unleaded* gasoline—Amoco-Gas!

© *American Oil Company*

AMOCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED